

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 389, Vol. 15.

April 11, 1863.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE SULTAN IN EGYPT.

ATTER one of those great diplomatic struggles which modern historians love to chronicle, the SULTAN has acted on his own judgment, and has gone to visit the Pasha of EGYPT. It appears to have pleased the English Ambassador to insist that the SULTAN should not go, and therefore the French and Russian Ambassadors naturally insisted that he should go. In the days of the great ELTCHEE, things would, if we may credit Mr. KINGLAKE, have gone differently. He would have given a quiet smile, and the whole views of the SULTAN, and the PASHA, and the Turkish Court would have changed, and the base opposition of the rival ELTCHEE would have been baffled. Either our present ELTCHEE is not so imposing to look at, or the Turks are tired of attending to Lord BURLEIGH's nod, or the SULTAN has counted the cost of disobedience, and determined to run the risk. It must have struck many readers of Mr. KINGLAKE's history to wonder what would have happened if the Turks had simply dared to face all the consequences of bearding the great ELTCHEE. It is like asking what would happen if the SPEAKER were to name member of the House. No one can tell without trying. But we may be permitted to suspect that the result would not be very overwhelming. The whole system of diplomatic coercion by the personal influence of a domineering, skilful, imposing representative is apt to fall to pieces if only those to whom it is applied are pigheaded enough not to look at the majestic spectacle, but to go their own way and take their chance of what may ensue. The English Ambassador is said to have opposed the present excursion of the SULTAN ostensibly on the ground that it would cost half a million of money, and really, perhaps, because the SULTAN and the PASHA might together hit on some common policy that would not suit England. Very likely the Ambassador was right. It is a pity that the SULTAN should throw away a sum of money which, if applied properly in paying interest, might give comfort and security to English bondholders; and the English Ambassador probably knows what is good for Turkey much better than the SULTAN does. But the SULTAN, if he has a policy of his own and has the courage to pursue it, is master of the situation. No frowns or smiles of diplomatists can prevent his squandering half a million of money on tour of Eastern ostentation, or forming projects which may separate him still further from the West, and add a new element of complexity to the intricate question of the fate of Mahomedan Europe.

It would make little difference whether the SULTAN went to Egypt or not, and whether he spent or saved a sum which in former reigns would have soon been frittered away on the Imperial harem, were this excursion a mere freak, and not an indication of a new and settled policy. However much we might learn to interest ourselves in the contests of Constantinople if we had local experience or could trace them in detail, we cannot at a distance, and regarding them as a whole, feel any very keen interest in their fluctuations, or affect to undergo any profound humiliation if our ELTCHEE is occasionally disappointed, and the serene smile of some other ELTCHEE prevails for the moment. But if those who should know best are not mistaken, the SULTAN means to change the groove in which the affairs of his empire have for some time been running. He does not like the complete dependence on Christendom—on Christian statesmen and Christian money—into which the Porte has drifted. He wishes to return to the old ways of his people and his line. The strength of the Mahomedans for twelve hundred years has been twofold. They have shown intense belief in their religion, and a perfect willingness to fight. The SULTAN does not wish that they should lose these sources of strength. The West—with its improvements, and its equality of creeds, and its

offers of money, and its diplomatic contests—is a Dalilah that will cut the Turk's hair and then laugh at the victim. Accordingly, the SULTAN aspires to bind the Mahomedan world once more together, to knit the PASHA in bonds of closer friendship to him, and, above all things, to get together a strong, well-appointed, trustworthy army and navy. Animating the zeal of his Mahomedan subjects, and equipping an effective body of resolute troops, he reckons on attaining something like an independent position; and so firmly has he clung to the idea that he has managed to bring over some of the ablest of his advisers to his way of thinking. FUAD PASHA, more especially, who a short time ago was the most strenuous opponent of any expenditure that could lead to financial embarrassment, is now said to be one of the most eager supporters of an increase in the army at any cost. It must not be supposed that the Turkish Government has any intention of altering its policy towards its Christian subjects. It will probably be as lavish of promises and as sparing of performance as it has always been. It will be much more foolish than it has the credit of being if it ventures on any acts of violence or injustice which will impose on the European Powers the duty of interference. Of course the SULTAN runs the risk that his supporters may go much further than he wishes, and that Mahomedan zeal, if ever fanned into a flame, may burst forth with ungovernable fury. This, and numberless other risks—the risk of offending European friends, of provoking new enmities, of plunging into the abyss of financial difficulties—he must run, and is content to run, because he will thereby, as he hopes, avoid what he considers the greater danger of his Government being diplomatised and civilized out of existence.

We are by no means sure that he is wrong. His great present peril is that he is threatened by his Christian subjects, and by the Christian States which are, in a greater or less degree, dependent on him. He has to keep down the Christian population in Turkey itself, which he would probably have no great difficulty in doing, and he has also to meet the hostility and the attacks of the Christian populations that fringe his borders. Greece openly covets Thessaly and Albania. Servia sends princesses and Senators to proclaim her wrongs in Western Europe, and collects men and drills soldiers for an impending war. Montenegro has been saved from destruction by European interference; and a scheme is said to be on foot for handing over the Principalities to a Russian Prince. It is a very intelligible policy for the Turks, at such a crisis, to say that they see no help in diplomacy, and in varnishing themselves over with a little thin veneer of sham civilization. They must fight, and they will fight. If Greece tries to get Thessaly, a Turkish army will be there to keep Thessaly safe. A Turkish army will hold Montenegro in submission, and will make Servia know that the fortress of Belgrade belongs to their masters and superiors in arms. The Turk has not taken to civilization; but he can still fight. The end of pretending to be civilized is only, he thinks, to get bewildered and helpless, and it is much better to say openly that he trusts only in ALLAH and his sword; and that, as to railways, and diplomatic contests, and tight trousers, they are a mystery and an abomination to him. The European Powers could in a moment crush all the strength the SULTAN could put forth; but then it is by no means certain that they would do so. The experiment of Navarino is not likely to be repeated. And the real security of the Turk is not that he is obedient and pliable, and bends before the frowns, or melts at the smiles, of this or that ELTCHEE—it is that the European Powers cannot afford that he should be swept out of Europe. It is their jealousy of each other that keeps him there. Nor would their motives for supporting him be lessened by his maintaining in his own dominions the supremacy of unquestioned force. Neither England nor France can afford to punish Turkey for coercing Servia by allowing Russia to occupy Constantinople. If, indeed, the Turks were guilty of gross and repeated barbarities,

or made war merely to plunder and massacre their neighbours, the Great Powers might prefer to arrange a partition rather than submit to such an outrage on Christendom. But if the Turks are moderately cautious, and only use their strength where they have a good ground for doing so, they may assert their supremacy in arms for a considerable time, without giving the European Powers any motive to interfere which shall preponderate over the strong motives that impel them not to disturb the arrangements that exist. It would tend greatly to strengthen the probability of such a policy succeeding, if Egypt followed in the same path, and if the SULTAN could feel sure that the PASHA would prefer the triumph of the head of his religion and race to the gratification of his personal ambition. If to secure this is the object of the SULTAN's visit, it is not wonderful that the diplomats of Constantinople attach some importance to it.

It is true that the SULTAN, by adopting the policy ascribed to him, is sailing into the vast ocean of a gigantic insolvency. But the terrors of this ocean seem, probably, much less to a Turk than they would do to us. The Porte would lose very little by repudiating its engagements. One of the fancies of the English public in recent years has been to lavish money on Turkey, and the Turks can hardly borrow enough to please the capitalists of the West and the Greeks, who make a profit by the loans. The English Government has given, almost by accident, a fictitious value to these investments. Two Under-Secretaries of State have been prominently and largely concerned, before accepting office, in money affairs connected with Turkey, and the desire of the Government to support Turkey has been so sincere and profound that the finances of the Porte are talked of with a kind of half-sanction on the part of the Government, as if they were under the protection and regulation of England. This is, to a great degree, an illusion. Turkish finance and Turkish loans stand really on their own merits, and the use which the Turks now propose to make of the money they borrow is to start a large army, and not to put their finances straight. They calculate that they can prolong their political existence by fighting, more readily than by paying their way. This notion may be highly distasteful to English statesmen and bondholders; but it is not by any means certain that it is a mistaken one. In the end, there will, in all probability, be a great crash; but, before it expires, the Ottoman Empire may still show something of its ancient barbarian vigour.

FEDERALIST SYMPATHIZERS.

THE enthusiastic friends of the Federal cause are doing their utmost to create or embitter a quarrel between England and the United States. The agitators of Boston and New York may almost be excused for their denunciation of "British pirates," when their friends in England outbid them in exaggerated statements both of the facts and of the law in the case of the *Alabama*. Lord RUSSELL's despatches and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's speech have nearly exhausted the subject, but speakers at public meetings have the advantage of enlivening dry legal controversies by importing into the discussion political passions and philanthropic animosities. It is now boldly stated that the *Alabama* sailed direct from Liverpool to cruise against Federal commerce without touching at any intermediate port. It is not convenient to remember that the ship was sent off without an armament, and that, by an irregular contrivance, she shipped her guns in a Portuguese harbour. Since that time, she has enjoyed no immunities in British waters which would not have been conceded to her flag by any neutral Power in the world; and it is unreasonable to make the accident of the Federal blockade of the Southern Ports the ground of an imputation against the character of the Confederate cruisers. If the *Alabama* were really a pirate, she would be liable to summary vengeance and destruction by the first neutral ship of war which was strong enough to enforce the general law of nations. The Federal orators at Manchester and elsewhere will scarcely assert that a French Admiral should, notwithstanding the concession of belligerent rights to the Confederate States, treat their commission as waste paper; yet they censure their own Government for abstaining from a measure which would either be an imperative act of duty or a lawless outrage. There is no intermediate class of armed vessel between a pirate and an authorized cruiser. The *Alabama* has or has not a right to exercise the extreme rights of war against the enemy's commerce. The circumstance of her construction at Liverpool in no degree affects her present character, and it would be especially unreasonable in the Government of

Washington to inquire too curiously into her origin. None of Mr. LAIRD's assailants have questioned his statement that the Federal Government requested him to build a ship, and to deliver her fully armed for warlike purposes; and any complaints of breach of neutrality which would not have been equally directed against a compliance with the Federal order may be reasonably attributed to political partisanship. A popular audience is seldom critical or consistent. Lord PALMERSTON would be as loudly applauded in Manchester as in Glasgow, if he took occasion to repeat his declaration that the Government would persevere in maintaining rigid neutrality; yet every enthusiastic admirer of the North who proposes that the Confederates shall be subject to legal excommunication, is allowed to suppose that the multitude would be ready to join in the war against the Seceders to-morrow.

It is true that there is a certain difference of tone, and even of apparent policy, between Lord RUSSELL and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER; yet it is not surprising that, while the FOREIGN MINISTER represents the policy of England, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who has on former occasions argued against the recognition of the Confederacy, should make it his business to expound the letter and the meaning of the law. His recent speech was intended to prove that, even if the disposition of the Government had been unfriendly towards the North, the right of the Americans to remonstrate against alleged breaches of the Enlistment Act might, in strictness of law, have been disputed. When the English Minister was insolently dismissed from Washington during the Russian war, the American Government treated the alleged enlistments of recruits for the English army, not as breaches of neutrality towards Russia, but as violations of the municipal law of the United States. In a similar spirit, Lord RUSSELL might have made the Federal proposal to Mr. LAIRD the pretext for a diplomatic quarrel. When reprisals were threatened for the losses suffered from the *Alabama*, it was fully time to replace the discussion on a strictly legal basis. Lord RUSSELL had previously shown, in his correspondence with Mr. ADAMS, the readiness of the Government to be guided by motives of goodwill, instead of entrenching itself behind the letter of the law. It requires much temper and moderation to offer voluntary concessions to a litigious adversary, and at the same time to acquiesce in the rigorous enforcement of every right which belligerents can exercise to the disadvantage of neutrals. In the case of the *Peterhoff*, all parties in England are contented to wait for the adjudication of the Federal Prize Court; yet the capture was evidently effected in violation of the rights of neutral traders by an officer who has already boasted of his desire to affront the English flag. Not a philanthropist or eulogist of the Northern Federation can be found to censure the appointment of Admiral WILKES to the command of the station on which he would have the largest opportunities of annoying English commerce. It was perfectly known to his Government that he was both incapable of understanding maritime law and anxious to find occasion of quarrel with the flag which he had already insulted. Nevertheless, England acquiesces in the jurisdiction of the Court of Key West, because it must, in the first instance, be assumed that every capture was made on reasonable grounds and in perfect good faith. It is possible that the statements of the owners of the *Peterhoff* may be refuted by proof that she was conveying contraband articles to a Confederate port, although her ostensible cargo and destination would have exempted her from seizure.

It is possible to act from impulses of sentiment or sympathy, and it is also possible to abide by the law. Adherence to an unchanging and intelligible standard is perhaps, on the whole, to be preferred. A large and liberal construction of neutral duties and belligerent rights in favour of the Federal Government is equivalent to a precisely reverse proceeding towards the weaker party. It is true that the Confederate States maintain a system of slavery, which was lately supported by the entire strength of the Union. It may be wrong to tolerate the existence of objectionable institutions in any part of the world; but as England has deliberately determined not to interfere, it is better to be really as well as nominally neutral. There is no generosity in one-sided laxity, although philanthropists are naturally eager to load one of the scales. Their real object is, perhaps, to take a part in the struggle against the Secession which disappoints the political hopes of one section, while it offends the social predilections of all. The early popularity of the war against the French Republic was equally justified by indignation against the excesses of

the Reign of Terror, but modern opinion disapproves of foreign interference, even for the discouragement of massacre and anarchy. It would not be a wise policy to combine the profession of neutrality in the American war with a constant display of partiality to one side, and consequently of insult and injustice to the other. Whatever may have been the former conduct of Southern politicians in the councils of the Union, the Confederate Government has, since the commencement of the civil war, naturally abstained from any acts or words which could give offence to England. During the same period, the Federal press and platform have been inspired by an unremitting spirit of animosity, which scarcely admitted of aggravation when the exploits of the *Alabama* furnished, for the first time, a plausible excuse for dissatisfaction. Mr. SEWARD's despatches have been as uniformly unfriendly to England as they have been deferential to France; and the appointments of Admiral WILKES and of Mr. CLAY have been undoubtedly designed as wilful insults. In answer to verbal and practical provocation, moderate men wish only to avoid a rupture by any means which may be compatible with the national honour. It is for fanatics like Professor NEWMAN to announce that, in the contingency of an American war, they would still, as now, desire that victory should rest with the foreigner, even though he were the enemy of their country.

It is unworthy of serious politicians to forget that there is something also to be said for the Confederate cause. Rightly or wrongly, the inhabitants of the Southern States believe themselves to be defending the allegiance which, according to their interpretation of their duties, they owe primarily to their several States. In resisting an invader of overwhelming force they have displayed extraordinary heroism and unparalleled unanimity. Although their domestic institutions are vicious, they have shown themselves to possess the noblest qualities of freemen, and it is not for foreigners to declare that their cause is irremediably and demonstrably unjust. If the South is conquered, it is impossible to understand how it can be allowed to enjoy a liberty which would be immediately employed in the renewal of the struggle for independence. Above all, it is probable that the Confederacy will maintain its separate existence, and there is no reason for incurring and justifying its future hostility. The Federal Government may persevere in its enterprise of conquest without interference on the part of England; but common fairness requires that a similar neutrality should be extended to the Southern Confederacy. The clamour which has lately been directed against the vast majority of the educated classes is perhaps the most unreasonable which has been raised in modern times.

GENIAL STATESMANSHIP.

THERE are some disadvantages, undoubtedly, attending upon the political longevity of which Lord PALMERSTON was so incessantly reminded by his Scottish admirers. One of them arises out of the extreme handiness of the topic for complimentary addresses, flattering leaders, and the like. It is so easy to treat, and involves so little disputable matter, that it is sure to form the chief ingredient of all that class of compositions. Unfortunately, however, it does not in itself necessarily involve any great statesmanlike qualities; and topics of eulogy which are dwelt upon with exceptional frequency are apt to be looked upon as the most prominent characteristics of the person who is the subject of them. Saying of a statesman that he is venerable is rather like saying of an ordinary man that he is worthy, or of a young lady that she is a nice unaffected thing. It is apt to mean that there is nothing else to be said. But there is another and far more serious inconvenience in the longevity which is so much prized upon the other side of the Tweed. It seems to have a curious tendency to convert a man into a myth before his time. It has been truly said that the younger Pitt became mythical before he had been dead ten years. But then he died at the age of forty-six. When a statesman lives till he is eighty, he can hardly complain if the myth-making instinct inherent in mankind declines to wait till he is dead. It has already been for some years busy with what it is difficult to avoid calling Lord PALMERSTON'S memory. Six years ago he was "the Man of God." He was supposed to be the impersonation of the gloomiest and most mawkish class of religionists we have among us. This delusion did not last very long; but it is curious that his reputation as a representative man should have shifted quite round from pole to pole within the short space of six years. He is now the ideal type of a healthy animalism—the embodiment of

animal spirits and physical vigour. He is to the Genial school what he was to the Evangelicals at the epoch when PALMERSTON Bishops were celebrated for resembling the primitive Christians in having "not many learned" among them. They worship him as the incarnation of the cardinal virtues of toughness and high spirits; and they are resolved that their triumph shall not, if they can help it, be so evanescent as that of their predecessors. An enthusiastic votary of that persuasion, writing in the *Times*, is not satisfied that the first saint in their young calendar should be the leading English statesman of his day. He wishes to make their supremacy eternal. From this day forth, all successful politicians in this country are to be distinguished professors of Genialism. Much is not said about the intellectual qualities of the English statesman of the future. These are comparatively immaterial, and may be left to take care of themselves. The "social element" is the one thing needful. Such qualifications as "the gift of speech, capacity for office, generous patriotism, political courage," are treated with supreme contempt. The Premiers who are henceforth to rule over England may or may not be endowed with these; but they "must be able to ride, shoot, fish, and play at cricket, besides understanding something about various other sports in which it is needless to join, but which yet contribute topics to every table"—by which circumlocution, we may presume, the Turf is gently indicated. Further, it is necessary for a statesman's political success that "he live out of doors, be much on horseback, and learn to endure the extremes of heat and cold." He must be "ever in the front of life," and "if he has to work night and day for a week, he must find himself the better for it at the end." Such is what an American would call the latest platform of the Genial school. Any politicians who are unable to satisfy it may save themselves the trouble of canvassing Genial votes. It might be invidious to ask how many existing statesmen could claim this catalogue of virtues which are flourished in the eyes of the unfortunate Italians as the ordinary qualifications which all Englishmen of note are, and always have been, prepared to exhibit. We should like to see a competitive examination in these acquirements, held for the benefit of admiring foreigners. Few spectacles would be more edifying, and, except for the infallibly disastrous results, more entertaining, than the sight of all the members of the past and present Cabinets trying whether they can "ride, shoot, fish, endure the extremes of heat and cold, and work night and day for a week, without being the worse for it." Clearly the only course for the QUEEN, when next there is a vacancy in Downing Street, will be to naturalize M. JULES GÉRARD, and to request him to form a Ministry from among his friends.

It is a very common failing in great minds to value themselves most for that which is least valuable in them. RICHELIEU was specially proud of his powers as a poet, and NEWTON used to lay the greatest stress upon his divinity. But it does not often happen to a man that the same mistake is made for him by his friends. Lord PALMERSTON's case is, in this respect, peculiarly unfortunate. He has many qualities which have obtained for him the confidence of his countrymen, and which will secure for him a lasting name. His wonderful tact in managing rival parties at home and contending Governments abroad has enabled him to carry alike his country and his Ministry through junctures of considerable difficulty. He has shown great administrative skill on one or two occasions in which the country would have been seriously perilled by incompetence. His foreign policy, right or wrong, has not been impotent or purposeless. It has left a mark upon the destiny of Italy, of the Turkish Empire, and of China; and its effects will form an important element in their future history. These are merits that have procured him a great popularity, which in the main he has fully deserved. But, in addition to this set of qualities, his political position has forced him to cultivate another set of a very different kind. He has never, during his present administration, been in the command of more than a very precarious majority, and he has been weighted with the alliance of one or two unpopular colleagues. The result is, that he has been driven to resort to unusual expedients for keeping himself in power. Other Ministers have been content to rely on the strength of their party, or the excellence of their measures. Lord PALMERSTON has been compelled to supplement these by supports of a less ambitious kind. He has been forced to sustain his position by a process of perpetual electioneering, and by developing what the *Times* calls the "social element in our most popular" Ministers." With the higher classes he has probably used social influences more assiduously than they were

ever used before. To the middle and lower classes he does his best to minister amusement in a less refined but not less effective fashion. Few men can surpass him in the art of making a genial after-dinner-speech that shall delight everybody and mean nothing; and, as a manufacturer of ex tempore bad jokes, he is unapproachable. For the purpose of a perpetual canvass, these qualities are very useful; and not less so is the reputation for the muscular accomplishments and animal spirits which the *Times* threatens to exact from all future statesmen. But these qualities, though useful, are scarcely glorious. An ambitious statesman may be compelled to lean upon them by the hard necessity of an exceptional position; but they are very left-handed admirers who select merits of this stamp for the purpose of building up the fabric of such a statesman's fame.

The truth is, that the combination of qualities which the real Lord PALMERSTON possesses to some extent, and with which the mythic Lord PALMERSTON is still more largely endowed, is not often to be found. Our greatest statesmen under a Parliamentary Government have been not at all genial, and very little muscular. Neither of the two PITTS, nor CASTLEBEAGH, nor GREY, nor PEEL could have passed the standard which Lord PALMERSTON's more extravagant admirers are setting up. Our best statesmen have hitherto been men who were marked by what may perhaps be called an exaggerated notion of self-respect. Lord PALMERSTON's mode of drawing cheers from a municipal assemblage is one that neither PITTS nor PEEL would have practised to save their lives. And even if they had been willing to do so, it is highly improbable that they would have had the power. As a rule, a successful statesman, in all countries, must be a man in whom the brain has appropriated something more than its due share of physical force; and it seldom leaves enough to supply the demands of great muscular exertion, or to overflow in high animal spirits as well. In those rare cases where nature is strong enough for both tasks, the combination undoubtedly confers considerable powers of attraction on its possessor. But it is hardly safe to count on a race of such statesmen — still less to boast to other countries that we have not, and never will have, any other. And though men who have dined will always like and applaud a speaker who amuses them, there is no serious danger that the constituencies or the House of Commons will ever be beguiled into choosing a Prime Minister on purely Genial principles.

DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM.

THE first check on the success of the Polish insurrection furnishes one more illustration of the pernicious tendencies of extreme democratic theories. From 1793 to the present day, Jacobinism has proved itself indirectly the surest support of despotism and injustice. The Red Republicans of the Continent resemble a religious sect rather than a political party, and, like the Ultramontanists, whose interests they often unintentionally serve, they have always a special object of their own, which they prefer even to the good of their country. It is true that revolutionists are more sincere and disinterested than reactionary priests, but they have introduced elements of dissension into every patriotic movement with which it has been their fortune to be connected. MIEROSLAWSKI is said to be an able general, and his hostility to Russia cannot be doubted; but he has commenced his career in Poland by denouncing his political rivals, and his presence at once dissolved the harmony which had appeared to prevail among the insurgent leaders. When an oppressed nation arms for the recovery of its independence, it is criminal folly to identify the success of the struggle with the establishment of institutions which are repugnant to the wishes of half the combatants. When the foreign enemy is repelled, the regenerated nation will be at leisure to arrange the system of its own future administration. In the meantime, nobles and proprietors are betrayed if they are required to fight for a social and democratic republic. The pernicious influence of MAZZINI in Italy has been partially counterbalanced by his early and consistent declarations in favour of national unity; but when it became possible to realize the dreams of his youth, he used his utmost efforts to prevent the accomplishment, by unwelcome instruments, of his own enthusiastic prophecies. As if an Italy without a republic was more disappointing than the accustomed supremacy of Austria, the democratic leader thwarted to the best of his ability the heroic enterprise of CHARLES ALBERT, and with few intervals he has since declaimed and conspired against VICTOR EMMANUEL. The

political aptitude of the Italians has never been so fully proved as by their preference of Piedmontese leadership to the vague aspirations of the republican prophet. The strength of Austria and her Italian satellites consisted in the dread of anarchy which was fostered by revolutionary declamation. The emancipation of the country was finally effected by the upper and middle classes, and the result has consequently been permanent as well as beneficial.

The same evil influence produced in Hungary more disastrous consequences. The Magyar aristocracy had made large concessions to the just claims of the peasantry, and it was certain that, if the Austrian usurpation had been finally defeated, it would have been impossible to re-establish antiquated social abuses. The nobles, however, including the officers of the army, were bent on securing the constitutional rights of the kingdom, and, with true political instinct, they felt that it was prudent to abstain from revolutionary demands when they were insisting in arms on the maintenance of their ancient laws. At the moment when their military exploits had given them renewed claims to the confiding obedience of their countrymen, KOSSUTH misused the vast power which he had obtained by his eloquence and zeal, by proclaiming the deposition of the House of HAPSBURG and the establishment of a Republic. From the moment at which the patriotic leader sank into a partisan, the hopes of Hungary were at an end. It might, perhaps, under any circumstances, have been impossible to repel the Russian invader; but KOSSUTH's ambitious folly paralysed the army at the most critical moment by alarming and disgusting its leaders. The fallen Dictator has ever since amused himself by revolutionary declamations which would be equally applicable if Hungary had never possessed an hereditary Constitution. The real guides of the nation have, with sounder judgment, by adhering rigidly to their legal demands, brought the Austrian Government into a condition of inextricable difficulty. Baron DEAK is a more formidable opponent to the centralizing statesmen of Vienna than twenty KOSSUTHS; and the liberty of Hungary, as of Italy, will, perhaps, at last be achieved in defiance of theoretical agitation.

Despotic oppressors know well the enemies whom they have really to fear. In Modena and in Naples the tyranny of the Government was directed, not against the ignorant mass, but against the educated and self-respecting classes, who were capable of attempting political reforms without subverting the fabric of society. Austria was at ease in Milan when MAZZINI was organizing insurrections at Genoa against the constitutional Government of Piedmont. The most conspicuous inmates of the Neapolitan dungeons were the supporters of constitutional monarchy who had trusted the promises and oaths of FERDINAND in 1848. Against a Red Republic, despots knew that they could count on the assistance of all who had property or station to lose, and they also understood that the true votaries and guardians of freedom are in all countries the responsible minority. It was on the same principle that ALEXANDER II. banished Count ZAMOYSKI for complying with his invitation to frame a moderate scheme of reform; and the uniform tendency of despotism was more fully illustrated by the fatal project of conscription which WIELOPOLSKI suggested to the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE. Like TARQUIN in the legend, autocrats are always ready to cut off the highest flowers in the garden, nor is there any country in which a levelling policy is recommended with more plausible arguments than in the provinces of ancient Poland. The descendants of the Polish nobles have inherited their national pride and their indomitable courage, while they have become convinced of the fatal defects of the old anarchical Republic. In late years, the great proprietors have only been prevented by the Russian Government from emancipating their peasants, and the numerous aristocracy which extends far down into the middle classes has steadily cherished the national traditions of language and religion in preparation for future freedom. Since the commencement of the insurrection, the intended victims of the conscription have fully justified the anticipations of their foreign tyrants. It seems that, under the influence of the priests, the peasants are in some districts beginning to adhere to the national cause, but hitherto the contest has been chiefly sustained by students, by citizens, and generally by the upper and middle classes of the community. To them neither Russian sovereignty nor socialism are empty theories or distant dangers; for, on one side, they have to dread Siberia and enlistment in the army of the Caucasus, while around them Russian officials are bribing the peasants to plunder and massacre their superiors. To those who are bearing the burden of the contest, it is not encouraging to learn that the

supporters of MIEROSLAWSKI propose, as the result of victory, nearly the same system of plunder which the foreign Government threatens as the penalty of insurrection. The enemies of freedom from below and from above are always ready, in the language of General BUTLER at New Orleans, to denounce the supposed rebellion of the rich against the poor.

In great struggles against tyranny, it is impossible, and not uniformly desirable, to exclude the influence of enthusiasm which may not be exclusively patriotic. It is only indispensable that secondary motives should be kept in subordination to the great object of independence. Religious zeal, when it has happened to coincide with political justice, has often been useful in stimulating the sluggish public spirit of the multitude; and even Jacobinical frenzy produced one beneficial result in filling up the ranks of the French armies who repelled foreign invasion. As all the Poles happen to belong to the Latin Church, their leaders may legitimately accept the whimsical patronage which the Pope accords to one exceptional struggle for freedom and justice. If an oppressor is rendered more vulnerable by a want of ecclesiastical conformity, it is perfectly fair to profit by the accident of his schismatical delinquency. The religious unanimity of Poland removes many of the objections to sectarian intolerance, as there is no one to persecute except the common enemy. Democratic fanaticism, which may enlist interested partisans while it repels useful allies, is a far more objectionable element. There are, for the present, reasons enough for fighting the Russians without irrelevant discussions on the rights of man.

IRON-CASED SHIPS.

IT is one of the worst consequences of the utter disorganization of the Admiralty, that every matter of importance in the construction or management of the fleet is of necessity remitted to the consideration of some extraneous body, in the shape either of a Parliamentary Committee or a Royal Commission. The serious delay which attends this machinery is but one among many inconveniences which result from it, and yet it is undeniable that every modern reform in the administration of the navy may be traced to the action of some Committee or Commission which has performed the duties that the Board pertinaciously neglects. The true remedy for the evil, which every one out of office recognises, would be the reorganization of the entire system. But attempts in this direction have been so uniformly baffled, that the palliative of a special Commission to supply each particular omission still remains the only practical resource from which any immediate improvement can be expected.

Never was some such intervention more urgently called for than it is now for the purpose for which Sir JAMES ELPHINSTONE invokes it. The inquiry to which his notice of motion for next Tuesday is directed is no doubt an inquiry into matters which are probably as well understood everywhere, except at the Admiralty, as they can be by the most experienced Commission that could be selected to make the investigation. It may be very difficult, and indeed impossible, to pronounce what will ultimately prove to be the best mode of construction of iron-clad ships. But among scientific shipbuilders there is but one opinion on the general system of building, which is recommended by all the experience that has yet been acquired; and though there may be room for much doubt whether a broadside armament, or an arrangement of cupolas or turrets, or a compromise after the fashion of Mr. REED's new ships, will prove the most efficient plan, all but the most opinionated of rival theorists are agreed on the practical conclusion that specimen ships of each of these classes ought to be sent to sea with all practicable expedition. There is even greater unanimity on the other branch of the suggested inquiry. No one doubts that adequate means for docking and refitting damaged vessels are among the most important elements of naval power. It is equally beyond question that the resources of our dockyards are at present wholly inadequate for the requirements of a time of war, and, indeed, too scanty for the demand which is made upon them in the midst of profound peace. The proposed Commission is not a whit the less necessary on this account. While the Admiralty persists in ignoring the proved superiority of iron over wooden frames, and postpones from year to year the necessary extension of dockyard accommodation, a Commission, which will probably add little to the information already available, may do the most valuable service in compelling a sluggish Board to act upon the experience which it seems to have acquired in vain. There is something extremely disheartening in the tone in which the

most vital subjects of naval management are invariably discussed by Admiralty officials. To secure the best possible ships for the British navy seems to sink into insignificance when compared with the duty of vindicating the infallibility of the Board, or demonstrating the superiority of Mr. REED over Captain COLES. Knowing the extremely vigorous terms in which the new constructor can write, we should tremble to suggest that he is in any respect unequal to the post which has been conferred upon him. We prefer to hope and to assume that he is a shipbuilder of extraordinary genius, though, like all untried geniuses, he must be content to wait for complete recognition until his efforts have been crowned with success. But, quite apart from any question of his ability, we should be glad if Mr. REED could look upon the task which he has undertaken in a more catholic spirit than he has shown in recent discussions. After all, the personal question, whether Mr. REED or his rivals have hit upon the best design, is a very small matter compared with the essential inquiry how the strength of the British navy may most effectually be increased. If the subject had been treated in the spirit which we have a right to expect from those who are entrusted with the duty of constructing the fleet, nothing could have been more interesting than the discussion of the comparative merits of different forms of armour-cased ships, which Mr. REED invited at a recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects. In place, however, of an impartial examination of rival plans, Mr. REED's essay is little more than a forensic exercise. To show that a hostile critic had made a trivial mistake seems to have been thought of more importance than to weigh the comparative advantages of the various ingenious plans which have been proposed for the armament of ships of war; and the refutation of a rival's argument was evidently more desired than the discovery of the truth.

The choice between cupola ships and the class which is represented by the *Enterprise* is by no means so easy as either Admiral HALSTED or Mr. REED assumes it to be. Their respective good and bad qualities may be recognised without difficulty, but nothing short of actual experiment will justify a very decided opinion on either side. The *Enterprise* has one feature in common with Captain COLES' shield ship, which distinguishes both models from all the other vessels in the British navy. In both plans, the accustomed broadside is replaced by a limited number of powerful guns, concentrated on a small portion of the deck. Mr. REED protects his battery by enclosing it in a square box of shot-proof iron, stretching completely across the vessel pretty nearly amidships. Captain COLES effects the same purpose by a cupola or turret considerably smaller than Mr. REED's rectangular box, and made to revolve with the guns with which it is armed. In weight, the turret must be less than the substitute which Mr. REED provides. In the facility with which breech-loading guns can be served, the cupola system has been proved to be superior to the ordinary arrangement of a broadside armament. The sweep of the turret guns embraces an entire circle—an advantage which Mr. REED, even with his doubtful contrivance of a double set of ports, cannot pretend to rival. Against all these recommendations must be set the one important drawback, that a huge revolving turret, pivoted in the centre of a ship, is a necessary element of weakness, which must be counteracted by additional strength, and therefore additional weight, in the framing of the ship. The fixed rectangular armour case, on the contrary, may be made to contribute to the rigidity of the vessel, at the same time that it affords protection to the gunners within it. Whether this difference would be more than a set-off for the extra weight of Mr. REED's transverse bulkheads is a question of some importance, on which no assistance is offered; for Mr. REED, while he dwells on the ponderous character of his rival's cupola, always forgets to take into consideration the weight of his own corresponding armour.

Possibly it may turn out that the *Enterprise* system is better adapted to the smallest class of ships, and the turret or cupola plan to those of greater tonnage. It is not likely that we shall ever be able to dispense altogether with a class of small corvettes capable of keeping the sea, and, as a necessary consequence, incapable of carrying complete armour on the scale of the *Warrior* target; and we quite agree with Mr. REED that it is not fair to expect as much protection in a vessel of 1,000 tons as can be given to such monsters as the *Achilles* or the *Minotaur*. It is something to protect even a few feet in the region of the water-line with armour strong enough to resist guns of moderate calibre; and if Mr. REED had never professed to do more than this with his little sloop, he would probably have escaped the

criticisms, on the part of Admiral HALSTED and others, of which he so bitterly complains. The Admiral, it is true, does point out that the *Enterprise* is very inferior in defensive strength to the *Warrior*; but when Mr. REED retorts that every one with a grain of sense must know that she could not be otherwise, and that it would be much more rational to compare his ship with earlier vessels of the same class, he quite forgets that the comparison which he deprecates was his own, and that full justice would have been done to the system of construction which he has followed if he had not, in the columns of the *Times*, led the world to understand that he had discovered how to build a ship of 1,000 tons which should be capable of keeping the sea with defensive armour as complete as that of the *Warrior* herself. To use Mr. REED's expression, it is quite true that every one with a grain of sense saw that this was (as it is now admitted to have been) an empty boast; and now that he has attained a position of high responsibility, it is perhaps not too much to expect that the Constructor of the Navy will abandon the large style of prediction which Mr. REED, when an aspirant for office, was accustomed to adopt. Experience will perhaps teach him to moderate his glowing expectations, and to discover the merits as well as the defects which may be traceable in the designs of a rival. It is a matter of some public concern that a person who fills Mr. REED's office should be guided by the intelligence with which his friends credit him, rather than by petty jealousy and inordinate self-appreciation. We by no means despair of seeing good work done by an official who may not have gone through the ordinary course towards promotion; but we hope Mr. REED will take the suggestion in good part, if we remind him that a wise man learns from the criticism which a weak man resents. Admiral HALSTED'S unqualified preference for shield-ships may perhaps not be fully justified by the event, but this is no reason why those who are entrusted with the duty of designing our ships of war should obstinately close their eyes to all light which does not come from within. After all, it may be that Mr. REED is but an example of the effects of the Admiralty leaven on all who come within its sphere; and if this be so, there is the more reason that the influence should be counteracted by the wholesome pressure of a Commission, before the irretrievable blunders of the past shall have been repeated in a more costly and a more perilous form.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN ON ITALY.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN may be excused if he finds it difficult to reconcile his judgment of Italian politics with his peculiar form of Irish patriotism. Although he happens to be personally a Protestant, it is necessary to conciliate his disaffected allies by a preference of every ecclesiastical interest to every secular right; and, being unavoidably a partisan of the POPE, he is also called upon to justify the French occupation of Rome. The vindication of a despotism supported by foreign bayonets might well embarrass the advocate of Irish democracy and independence, if agitators were in the habit of reconciling their various modes of operation with their general principles or professions. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN might perhaps defend himself from the charge of inconsistency if he could prove that in Italy, as in Ireland, he is the systematic adversary of law, of toleration, and of justice. In both countries he finds himself opposed to the policy and the convictions of England; and, for the most part, an Irish malcontent requires no more infallible test of the badness of the cause which he accordingly proceeds to adopt. At home, Mr. O'BRIEN promotes to the utmost of his power the supremacy of the priests, because, while he disbelieves in their religious pretensions, he thinks that their power is identified with the aspirations of the peasantry for independence. In the Roman States, the inhabitants are far more universally hostile to the Government, but Mr. O'BRIEN censures their resistance to tyranny because it is directed against the Catholic priesthood. The enemies of the enemies of England have forfeited that right to rebel which an Irish demagogue claims for his own countrymen as the most indispensable franchise. It is natural that zealous Roman Catholics, such as Mr. MAGUIRE, should prefer the sectarian interests of their own clergy to the privileges of any merely human community; and M. GUIZOT, again, is at least intelligible, when, as the general supporter of all established authority, he defends the temporal power of the POPE on political grounds. Mr. O'BRIEN, as a religious dissident and as an avowed partisan of revolution, is compelled to satisfy himself with the modest and well-founded assurance that he is, as usual, on the wrong side. There is something amusing in the inveterate perversity

which adheres to the opposite causes which were respectively defeated at Castel Fidardo and in the cabbage garden. The failure of a wanton rebellion, and the overthrow of a tyrannical Government, are equally distasteful to the thoroughgoing Irish patriot. Wherever there is disorder to be promoted, the champion of misrule is too often ready to assist the tyrant or the rebellious mob. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, in dealing with Italy, Mr. O'BRIEN has sometimes been exceptionally open to considerations of public expediency and national right. He is not wholly an enemy of the Italian Government, except when he finds it necessary to support the pretensions of Rome.

It was hardly worth while to excuse the French occupation of Rome on the pretext that Austria and Spain would defend the Holy See if it were abandoned by its present protectors. If the coercion of the Roman people is justifiable, it requires no apology to be deduced from any assumed alternative. A garrison of French troops is, perhaps, better disciplined and less oppressive than if it were formed from any other Catholic army; but there is no real danger to the Italian cause at Rome from any remoter or less formidable Power. Without a breach with France, Austria cannot cross the Venetian frontier, and Italy alone is far more than able to repel any Spanish interference. The inhabitants of the Pontifical territory would assuredly not attempt to substitute, as in 1848, municipal independence for ecclesiastical government. The abolition of the POPE's temporal power means the annexation of Rome, as a capital, to the Kingdom of Italy. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN is sufficiently familiar with Romanist phraseology to suggest abundant reasons against the emancipation of the unhappy subjects of the Church. "Rome is the University of Europe." The different Catholic nations have establishments and vested interests in the Holy City; and it could never be endured that the spiritual father of so many Catholics, including four millions of Irishmen, should be the subject of any single potentate. Lord DERBY, when it suited his purpose, used nearly the same arguments; but they seem more whimsical when they are uttered by the same voice which has so often preached the sacred right of insurrection. The disaffected party in Ireland has of late years concerned itself even more warmly in the suppression of freedom in Italy than in its own release from the tyrannical English yoke. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, to his credit, appears to be almost ashamed of sharing in the officious crusade against the freedom and happiness of a foreign nation; but he is fully aware that the rebellious creed must be swallowed whole, and that his associates care more sincerely for the sovereignty of the POPE than even for the humiliation of England. When they agitate in favour of Poland, their enthusiasm is not even repelled by the unwonted consciousness that, in promoting the independence of the Church, they are for once advocating the cause of freedom and justice.

Mr. O'BRIEN rejects the argument that the unity of Italy is necessary for the happiness and safety of the nation. On such pretexts, he says, the strong might always plunder the weak; and he suggests that VICTOR EMMANUEL has, according to the theory of nationality, as good a right to Malta as to Rome. It might be convenient that Mr. O'BRIEN should extend his ethnological studies far enough to learn that the Maltese are not Italians, but Arabs; for when all the component parts of the British Empire fly asunder in the direction of their affinities of language, while Heligoland rejoins Germany, and the Cape is annexed to Holland, Malta must take refuge under the sovereignty either of the SULTAN or of the Imaum of MUSCAT. It is, in fact, too late to rearrange the world into its original tribes; and the rulers of the most composite agglomeration of territories on the earth must admit that the mere use of the Italian tongue is not of itself a conclusive reason for submitting to the Government of Turin. The English Crown has millions of subjects belonging to the most distant races; and although no English village in the world acknowledges any but an indigenous government, millions of the English race have long since thrown off the authority of the parent stock. It is perfectly conceivable that Rome might have required or preferred a separate existence, instead of cherishing an anxious desire for incorporation in the neighbouring Kingdom. English sympathy, however, attends the efforts of Italian patriots, because they unanimously wish for a consummation which seems in itself expedient and reasonable. It may be a noble object to cultivate the worship of saints or the worship of ruins; but it is not the object which the Romans themselves would prefer, if they were allowed the privilege of choice. Whatever may have been the case in the middle ages, modern Europe knows the impossibility of municipal independence. It is necessary to be strong before it is possible

to be really free; nor is even Italy, with a population of twenty millions, yet exempt from the obligation of paying undue deference to a protecting Power. The would-be chief of a semi-barbarous little kingdom of Munster and Connaught might have been excusably prejudiced against the establishment of a powerful national unity. The scheme of making the Roman Catholic portion of Ireland into a dependency of France, instead of allowing it to form an integral part of the United Kingdom, is, on the whole, consistent with a hesitating protest against the abolition of the BOURBON Monarchy at Naples.

Mr. O'BRIEN declares that, if he were a Neapolitan, he should, as in his own country, vote for the repeal of the Union. In other words, he would adopt the entire system of the Ultramontanists, and of the reactionary party throughout Europe. Yet even a mutinous subject of England learns partially to understand the pride of an Italian in becoming one of a free and powerful community after ages of weakness and suffering. It is only a portion of the populace that regrets the arbitrary government and the superstition of the fallen Monarchy. It may possibly be true that the prisons are even fuller under VICTOR EMMANUEL than under FERDINAND, and Mr. O'BRIEN is not careful to inquire whether criminals have taken the place of patriotic statesmen. Nor would he value the equitable and public procedure which has been substituted for shameless violence and corruption. The separation of Naples from the Kingdom of Italy would be a triumph to the priests, and a disappointment to England; but Mr. O'BRIEN cannot deny that Italians are deeply interested in the maintenance of the existing kingdom. It is almost a cause for regret that Poland is not a schismatic rebel against a Roman Catholic ruler; for the members of the rebellious faction in Ireland would, as in Italy, prefer the orthodox oppressor to the heretical victim. In the American quarrel, where no religious element could be discerned, Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN was so anxious to prevent a secession which might weaken a possible enemy of England, that he offered to mediate between the North and the South. The case of Italy, where the right is almost entirely on one side, is less puzzling to the habitual antagonists of justice.

THE BURIALS BILL.

THE Wednesday morning sitting, like the spring, is reviving. Dissenters' grievances appear with the swallows, and next week will see Sir MORTON PETO's Burials Bill, and other birds of passage, in full activity. As we have, on more than one occasion, given our impressions of the real meaning of the predecessors of this measure, it will be enough to remind our readers that the Bill is something more than what it seems to be. It is merely the thin end of the wedge. Gain an entrance for the Dissenting minister into the churchyard, and his admission to officiate in the church is made so much the easier. The graveyard being free for the services of all ministers of all denominations, the church must be equally abandoned to all forms and to all expositors of religion. The Liberation Society has already owned that its object is to get equal possession of the churches, and equal possession of the churchyards is naturally the first step to this tenancy in common of all the denominations. As to the grievance alleged by the Dissenters, it is of the most attenuated description. *De minimis non curat lex.* The case to be provided against is this. Where there is not a common cemetery—that is to say, in the smallest villages, for in them only the Dissenters' unconsecrated cemetery and the Dissenters' unconsecrated chapel do not exist—there and there alone have they a grievance. What is that grievance? Either that they must, as things are, bury their dead four miles off in the nearest unconsecrated cemetery, or that they must submit to the social indignity of laying their dead not only in consecrated ground, but in ground consecrated after prayers offered by the priests of Baal. How does Sir MORTON PETO's Bill propose to repair this wrong to the Dissenters? By laying their dead, under all circumstances, in consecrated ground, either with no prayers and no service at all, or with prayers and service to be offered by the minister of their own denomination.

Here it is noticeable to remark that the old Dissenting principles are surrendered. It used to be said by Dissenters that the parish church, with all that belonged to it, was an abomination; that the very shadow of the church steeple was as that of the upas tree; that Dissenters were a peculiar people, who had come out of Babylon, and had no fellowship either in life or death with the ceremony-mongers. Whether all this was rational or not, it was the principle embodied in the Cemetery Act. The Church was to have its ground hallowed by incantations, set apart by episcopal offices, and entered only by the sacerdotal and surpliced menials of the

State. Dissent, pure and guileless, was to have only the simple mother earth, free from the forms and consecrations of man. Now all this is changed. Consecrated ground is the thing to be claimed; prayers and "published rituals" are the things to be stickled for. It is not that the steeple-house and its precincts are heathenish, but that the dissenting priest, and the dissenting funeral, and the dissenting offices, and prayers, and ceremonies, are as good as the parson and the Prayer Book. If Sir MORTON PETO's views as to the right of Dissenters to sleep in consecrated ground are correct, the Cemetery Act is wrong, and bad in principle.

But let us observe the provisions of the present Bill. First, it requires that, in cases where the relatives of the deceased dislike all funeral services, the parish clergyman shall—not may—grant permission for burial without any service at all. We ask whether, as the law now stands, there is anything to prevent this being done? The Book of Common Prayer requires that in certain cases the Burial Service shall not be read; but it does not require that in the case of every interment—that is, whenever a corpse is deposited in the graveyard—the Burial Service shall be used. It is notorious that unbaptized children are, perhaps every week, laid in consecrated ground without any service; and we know of no law which prevents adults at the present moment being interred in any churchyard in England without any service. The clergyman is bound in certain cases to refuse the Church's prayers to a corpse; but the clergyman is not bound to refuse the Church's ground to the same corpse, and perhaps he has no rights over it. In cases such as that of MASTIN v. ESCOTT, the clergyman was prosecuted for refusing the offices of the Church; but we never knew a case in which a clergyman took upon himself to refuse mere lying room in the churchyard. The churchyard is the property of the parish, and is, we believe, at this moment free; it is the Church's office, which it is the parson's duty to minister to or to withhold. If this be so, the first enacting clause of Sir MORTON PETO's Bill is wholly superfluous. It requires the clergyman to perform an invidious function—namely, to grant a formal permission to do that which may be done without his permission, and therefore without asking him. It is the *animus* of this clause which is so objectionable; and it seems to be only intended as a gratuitous affront to the clergy. Those whose relatives desire no service must be a very small minority; and if they dislike all and every sort of service, surely consistency ought to lead them to renounce the consecrated ground as well as the religious office. A garden or a field would be the appropriate resting-place for those to whom all service and all prayers, whether of the Church or of Dissent, were alike hateful or distasteful.

The second clause is a permissive one. "The officiating minister may grant permission to a minister, not of the Church of England, to perform a service," provided "the application be in writing, and that it state the religious denomination of the deceased; also the name of the proposed officiating minister; also the description of the service proposed to be used; such service, if not according to a published ritual, to consist only of Prayers, Hymns, or Extracts from Holy Scripture." In case of refusal, the parish priest is to send his reasons for such refusal to the registrar of the diocese, and the registrar is to transmit the said reasons to the HOME SECRETARY, and there the matter is to end; for the Bill does not go on to enact—what will certainly be the result—that the parish minister shall forthwith be gibbeted in the county paper, and overhauled by Sir MORTON PETO in the next Session of Parliament. All that the Bill does is to establish a raw in the parson's skin, leaving it to the Liberation Society to pour in the vitriols and acids. It will be well to forecast the working of this Act. The Bill, as far as we understand it, gives permission to the Dissenting minister to officiate at the burial—not at the grave only, but at the burial. Now the Burial, according to the "published" Dissenting "rituals" which Sir MORTON PETO has in his mind's eye, may, perhaps, like that of the Church of England, consist of two parts—one to be used in the Church, and one at the grave. Nay, the Dissenters' ritual may not only "consist of" "Prayers, Hymns, or Extracts from Holy Scripture," but may actually be, word for word, that of the present Common Prayer—which, perhaps, is what the Bill insidiously provides for in giving this alternative only in cases where "the service is not according to a published ritual." So that the clause may go to this extent—that it shall authorize a Dissenting minister to say what prayers he pleases in the Church, or actually to use the present service of the Prayer-Book just as it stands, both inside and outside the Church, with the mere substitution of STRIGGINS for the rector. Nay, more—

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and we commend this consideration to Mr. WHALLEY—the religious denomination to which the deceased belonged may happen to be that of the Roman Catholics. Their ritual, unless we have misread it, is both a published one, and also "consists only of Prayers, Hymns, or Extracts from Holy Scripture." It fulfills either of Sir MORTON PETO's alternatives; and the Bill for amending Dissenters' grievances may, and if it becomes law certainly will be, used not only by the Petovian denominations, but by the Roman Catholics, for the solemn and stately performance of the *Exequia* and the *Officium Defunctorum* in the village churches of England. We see no reason why, for example, when a Duke of Norfolk or a Cardinal-Archbishop dies (*seri in cunctum redeant*, of course) the relatives of the deceased should not, in Sir MORTON PETO's words, make application in writing to the Dean of Westminster for His Grace's or His Eminence's interment in Westminster Abbey itself—stating, in the words of the Act, the denomination of the deceased, and setting out in full a description of the service intended to be used, which in this case certainly would be "according to a published ritual," besides consisting of Prayers, Hymns, and Extracts from Holy Scripture. And what is true of Roman Catholics is equally true of Jews. Sauce for the Cardinal is sauce for the Rabbi. We are not very familiar with the present Hebrew Service Books; but in this, as in the parallel case, we should be very much surprised if a Jewish Burial Office did not exist either as a published ritual, or did not fall under the description of "Prayers, Hymns, and Extracts from Holy Scripture." No doubt Sir MORTON PETO will say this is not what he meant; but the question is not what the member for Finsbury intends, but what the Bill with his name on the back will enact, if it becomes law.

A moment's reflection ought to convince the House of Commons that this sea of bickering, uncharitableness, wrangling, and dispute, in the quiet villages of England, is hardly worth encountering for the infinitesimally small class which is aggrieved by the present state of the law. The grievance, we must remark, is a pure fiction and mere pretence; but let us admit its existence. Law exists only to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is gained, in this case, by leaving things as they are, or, at the most, by giving increased facilities for establishing unconsecrated cemeteries where they are wanted. The case is substantially parallel to that of elementary schools. Carried out to its ultimate result, the Education Grant, administered as it is on the denominational principle, ought to establish, or to assist in establishing, a school even in the smallest village, for each child to be educated in his own denominational tenets. There ought, in mere consistency, to be in every parish as many schools as sects. Practically this is unattainable; and in the end, in very remote and small places, there can be only one school, and that school can belong to and represent only one denomination. It would be very hard and tyrannical to make that one school forego and abandon its own, or, rather, any and every principle, for the sake of one dissident. So it is in the matter of Burials. In places where Dissent is so weak as not to be able to provide a cemetery and chapel of its own, it must accept the Church, or translate the dissenting relics to the purer shrine of the nearest public cemetery. It is a very strange kind of religious liberty which is only content when it compels, as Sir MORTON PETO proposes, to force the Church into having no principle at all.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

ANOTHER Easter Monday has testified to the efficiency, and, so far as can be judged, to the permanence of the Volunteer force. Notwithstanding the lack of novelty in the locality chosen, and in the general arrangements of the day, there were probably at least as many corps present on the Downs as at the first great muster under the command of Lord CLYDE. Some of the infantry regiments were perhaps not quite so strong as they were last year, but the guns were much more numerous, and the aggregate force showed little, if any, falling off in numbers. In every other respect the progress made during the last twelve months was very apparent, and the plan of action showed that the military authorities felt a confidence in the increased efficiency of the civilian army which was completely justified by the result. Both in the positions taken up by the force, and in the programme of operations, the object appears to have been to make the manoeuvres more like the real work of soldiers than the evolutions which were performed last year immediately under

the eyes of the Brighton sight-seers. Instead of confining the movements to the narrow valley in front of the race-course, the sham fight was commenced in a much more suitable position, some two or three miles beyond the grand stand. A country better adapted for the purpose of giving the Volunteers a good working day of useful practice could scarcely be found anywhere, and both officers and men must have come back with a considerable addition to their stock of experience. The enemy, instead of being indicated, as on a former occasion, by a single battalion, was represented by an entire brigade, with two batteries of artillery, posted, in the first instance, in a very strong position, with its right leaning on a farmhouse and plantation, admirably adapted for defence, and its left made safe by the character of the steep and exposed valleys through which alone it could be approached. The main body of the Volunteers, representing the English army, was disposed on an extensive range of hills which faced, and partly surrounded, the position taken up by the enemy. This disposition of the troops afforded admirable opportunities for testing the proficiency of every arm. Guns of various calibre, from the light six-pounders of the Hon. Artillery Company to the ponderous eighteen-pounders which seem the favourites with the Volunteers, were manoeuvred over the stiff Sussex hills with a facility which proves that the impromptu teams on which Volunteer artillerymen have to rely can be depended on to stand fire and do their work as steadily, if not quite as rapidly, as regularly-trained horses. The famous Hants Light Horse had full scope for the practice of their peculiar tactics; and their handy style of skirmishing, on the ancient dragoon system of dismounting and firing, was as well worth seeing in its way as the rapid charges of the 7th Lancers, who formed the regular cavalry of the attacking force. The scheme of the battle was so arranged as to give ample scope for the skirmishing evolutions on which the best of the Volunteer Corps especially pride themselves. In fact, the fate of the day was made to turn upon the issue of a fierce struggle for the possession of the plantation of Woodendean, the upshot of which, of course, was that the enemy's skirmishers (the Inns of Court) after resisting a charge in the open from the Hampshire cavalry, and falling back on the coppice, were driven ingloriously out by the Queen's Westminsters, and then from fence to fence, and at last over the brow of the hill, where, with the rest of the enemy's force which had been engaged in firing volleys at long ranges, they began a rapid retreat across the valley in the rear. No sooner had this commenced than a succession of charges by the 7th Lancers enforced, in the most practical way, the necessity of promptitude in forming squares. At this trying juncture, the harassed troops combined the courage which the absence of danger tends to promote with the alacrity that might be expected in a serious encounter. The manner in which the cavalry were received and hypothetically shot down was really very creditable to the enemy's battalions; and when the little force was almost surrounded in its final position by a huge semicircle, comprising the greater part of the attacking army, which had been brought into a single line during the passage of the valley, nothing but the final advance and charge (which were prudently omitted) was wanted to complete the picture of an invading enemy being driven into the sea.

A sham battle, like any other sham, may easily be made the subject of ridicule; but it is only necessary to remember that sham fighting is real drill, to appreciate the extreme value of these annual gatherings in training and disciplining our Volunteer troops. The great difficulty in organizing any civilian force must always be to get officers of every grade who are well up to their work, and there is much of an officer's duty which he cannot learn without occasionally taking part in evolutions on a large scale. It would, of course, be folly to suppose that all those who have the command of battalions or companies have acquired the aptitude of professional soldiers; but the display of last Monday unquestionably proved that very considerable progress had been made by the Volunteer officers generally, and justifies the expectation of a continued increase of efficiency in future years. That they are anxious to perfect themselves as far as their opportunities will allow is evident enough from the alacrity with which the annual summons on Easter Monday is responded to; and though military, and even civilian, critics may detect abundant room for future improvement, those who are the best qualified to pronounce have been the most confident in their hopes of seeing continual progress. In fact, the whole question of the permanence of the Volunteers depends mainly on this condition. They may, without much detriment, remain stationary in numbers, until some occasion may arise to stimulate recruiting, such as that which first brought the force into existence; but if progress in efficiency were to cease, we

might reasonably fear that all enthusiasm had passed away, and that the final disappearance of the Volunteer army was only a question of time. It is extremely satisfactory to find that the symptoms, as yet, are all the other way ; and while the Inspectors of the force report a steady improvement in drill and practice, which the success of these annual field-days confirms, we seem to have solid grounds for relying on the permanence and efficiency of a defensive force capable, on occasion, of expansion to an almost unlimited extent.

The creditable exhibition at Brighton is particularly opportune at the present moment, when the Government and the House of Commons have proved, by the most practical of all tests, the value which they set upon the Volunteer organization. We have never joined with those who dreaded Government assistance to the national forces, and who thought that pecuniary assistance implied the sacrifice of that measure of independence which is consistent with military discipline. But if there is no understood bargain that legitimate freedom is to be bartered for Government aid, there ought to be, and we believe there is, among the Volunteers, an honourable ambition to return efficient service for the cordial support which the country has bestowed on them. That all, without exception, would respond to a summons to the field, has not been doubted even by those who have least faith in the volunteer principle ; but the temptation is to forget that the drill and practice of peace time is as truly the performance of a public duty as the readiness to take part in repelling an invasion. Every man who, from indolence or fickleness, neglects the very moderate amount of attendance at drill and at the butts which the regulations prescribe as the minimum for an efficient Volunteer, is doing his part to break up the force. Mere personal efficiency, even supposing it capable of being maintained without occasional practice, is not the sole end which each Volunteer is bound to keep in view. Not only the credit of this or that corps, but the national character for stability of purpose, is to a great extent staked upon the apparently small, and certainly easy, duty of attendance at drill. With much prudence, the official requirements in this respect have been put at the lowest point which is compatible with efficiency ; and it ought to be, and we hope it will be, a point of honour with every member of the force, not only to come forward for occasional displays like that of Easter Monday, but to add to the efficiency of his comrades no less than his own by attention to less exciting but equally important duties. It has sometimes been made a reproach to the Volunteers that the stimulus of a field-day reacts unfavourably on ordinary drill. To some extent this is, perhaps, true ; but, as the power of acting in large bodies can only be acquired in this way, the lassitude which is supposed to be caused by such gatherings as that at Brighton must be met, not by discontinuing reviews, but by that personal effort which every one who has assumed the Volunteer uniform owes to himself, to his companions, and to the country at large. Energy and indifference will, of course, be found side by side in a Volunteer regiment, as in every other association of men ; but if all could be brought to feel that they have undertaken a public duty which it is not creditable to neglect, there is no reason why a muster at Brighton should not comprise forty instead of twenty thousand men. One of the indirect benefits of the system of Government aid will be in affording a genuine test of the number of efficient men in each Volunteer corps. The annual vote will serve as a barometer of progress far more accurate than the present muster rolls, or even than the returns of inspecting officers ; and the Volunteers can confer no greater favour on their country than by increasing, to the utmost possible extent, a burden which will fluctuate with the strength of the really efficient portion of the force.

THE PRAISES OF PROFESSIONS.

MMR. DICKENS recently presided at the dinner held in support of the Theatrical Fund, and took an opportunity of saying a good word for the business of acting generally, and for the people who are engaged in it. As all his auditors were theatrical performers, or their intimate friends, his sentiments were sure to be well received. Nor was there anything exaggerated in what he said ; and actors may fairly claim to be considered respectable people in their way, and kind to their fellow-performers in distress. Mr. Dickens did not go very much beyond this. But still it has become so very general a practice for the members of different professions and callings to meet together, and to get some eminent friend to paint their occupations in a rosy light, that we may naturally consider what is the amount of truth which these praises of particular professions contain, and what is their value. And no body could better supply an instance than the body of theatrical performers, for they have only very lately

risen from the position of being the favourites, more or less despised, of a clique, into that of respectable people, with a definite position in society. They are much to be congratulated on the change ; and it appears to us that they may receive a real benefit by having the fact of this change brought before their own notice and that of the world. It is inspiring to have it made manifest to us that our just claims are recognised ; and it cheers men and women engaged in the prosaic details of a calling to be made to see and to know that others perceive the poetry of which, under some aspects, that calling is susceptible. A soldier who is wearied with the monotony of garrison life, disheartened by the slowness and dearth of promotion, and sick to death of the insipid indecency of ensigns' conversation, may gain a new impulse if he has it brought to his memory, in a sudden and impressive manner, that he is living the life which was once lived by Wolfe and Wellesley. Even the law has its poetry, and if its highest eminences are generally the prize of a second-rate ambition, and Chancellors have too often been men who have risen by intrigue into the luxury of unfettered jobbing, yet the independence of the modern Bar, its many opportunities for honourable impartiality, and its great social importance, may inspire an enthusiasm that is not to be damped even by the tedium of a Sessions mess. And if this is felt in callings admitted by every one to be honourable, it may be even more important that those engaged in occupations only just emerging into social consideration should be stimulated by the picture of what their calling is at its best, and should be reminded of the heights to which they may aspire. It is said that fine words butter no parsnips ; but it is still possible that they may cheer and animate artists, attorneys, or actors.

And of all these imperfectly recognised callings, that of the actor has an ideal which, if not absolutely the highest, is the one which perhaps comes home most strongly to the minds of the mass of mankind. The art at which he aims strikes the world in a peculiarly intelligible and direct way. It is true that persons unused to the drama very much underrate the difficulties with which an actor has to contend. They do not realise the many sacrifices he has to make in order to bring before a large audience at a considerable distance from him all the touches he wishes to convey. They do not give dramatic performers credit for the concessions they have to make, and the aptitudes they have to display, in order to get on well together through a piece. Putting the creation of a dramatic poet on the stage is something like putting a building into perspective on paper. The lines are to be so drawn as at once to represent the lines of the building, and yet to suit the eye of the spectator. But good acting has an immediate reward. No one can see it and not know that it is good. No one can watch it closely and not find many things explained and represented in it which are quite new to him. It is a really great effort of the human mind to be able to summon up at will the appearance of the profounder emotions, and to show what men are and how they look when they are swept by the winds of a great passion. To feel as others feel is one of the highest efforts of imagination. It is the power of doing this that makes men orators, or great historians, or great poets. And the actor has to display this imaginative faculty through vehicle which is of the highest force and flexibility. He does not use words to convey what others feel. He uses a man himself. He employs the complex machinery of the human mind and frame to exhibit what the mind can think and feel, and the frame reveal or endure. It is, certainly, only some thoughts and feelings that can be reproduced on the stage, for some are so subtle, or delicate, or evanescent as to produce little outward and visible effect. An actor cannot represent anything that carries us far into the regions of moral or metaphysical speculation. In spite of the many admirable contrivances by which Shakspeare made *Hamlet* a good acting play, no Hamlet on the stage can produce the same impression which Hamlet does when read. An actor may piece together a clearer and more consistent Hamlet than we can ourselves imagine ; but he cannot put before us the puzzle of existence as the printed play puts it. When, however, the passion to be represented is one which assumes a marked outward form, and can easily be associated with strong and stirring incidents, the actor can give that reproduction of poetry which is itself poetry. It is true that the highest poetry has always something in it that is greater than any representation. There is more in *King Lear* than an actor could possibly put on the stage. But then, within its limits, acting is more effectual than words can be. It is not so suggestive, but it is more apprehensible. If art, therefore, is to be admired and praised, and honour to be bestowed on those who devote themselves to it successfully, the actor who uses the delicate and fine instrument of a living man to embody poetical thought may fairly claim to have a large share of the tribute of popular respect paid to him.

It is very desirable that actors should think over this, and that they should hold themselves reasonably high in consequence. But public opinion and public prejudices are never wholly unfounded. It is only fair in all who do not belong to a profession that is praised to see why these praises are necessary, why they are not voluntarily bestowed everywhere, and why they are sometimes withheld. Mr. Dickens says that he has always, both in writing and talking, taken care to speak kindly and favourably of actors. That he should have to take care to do so, might reasonably suggest to some of his audience to consider why any care need be taken. Perhaps it was

[April 11, 1863.]

only the courtesy pardonable in a friend addressing friends which prompted him to declare himself unable to account for the prejudice against actors, except by supposing that persons go to theatres, and come away with a sort of base jealousy of those who have so cleverly amused them. Even an audience of actors could hardly believe that this was the true explanation. Why there is a prejudice against actors is obvious. While society is establishing itself, and assuming a distinct and national character, only those callings are thought honourable which are connected with the machinery of government, or which minister to the immediate and direct wants of man. In England, where we have had for so many years the peculiar institution of an aristocracy eminently aristocratic and yet expanding to receive new-comers, no profession has been thought much of which does not open the door of aristocracy to an aspirant. Men naturally and properly admire those who perform for them difficult services, and who yet do not descend to be their tools. They learn to prize the useful in society before they learn to prize the ornamental. A man who will fight for them, or protect their property and reputation against the attacks of adversaries, or who unites earthly wealth with the power of teaching them how to go to heaven, is thought highly of, while it seems very superfluous to have art flourishing, and poetry written, and the drama triumphant. In process of time, society has grown to the point at which it can give attention and honour not only to those who govern and guide it, but also to those who amuse, edify, or delight it. In England, this change has come rather slowly, owing to the peculiarity of its aristocratic constitution, and to the slowness with which an insular people admits new ideas. Still, at last it has come, and every year society is more indifferent to the external circumstances of men, provided only that they are not poor, and have the manners of educated people. Actors have learnt to take some care of their money, and they are not much below the standard of educated people. Few of them, however, fully attain it, and when any do, the exception is immediately noticed on account of its rarity. As might be expected, the men are in advance of the women. An actor is brought into easy communication with men of all ranks, and his facility of imitation must aid him in copying those who deserve to be copied. But comparatively few actresses are like ladies. We do not see why absurd compliments should be paid. Actresses do not, as a rule, walk, or pronounce their words, or smile, or speak, as ladies do. They may be very near it; but they do not hit the mark, unless with occasional exceptions. The whole of the genteel life of the stage, in our opinion, wants a thorough revolution. It is absurdly conventional. It affects to represent the manners of English ladies and gentlemen, and it no more represents them than it does the manners of the ancient Egyptians. Of course, this lowers the position of the actor. When the audience quit the theatre, they feel they have had a good laugh; but they have been looking at a set of people pretending to be ladies and gentlemen, who obviously were not. There are, it is true, perhaps half a dozen very gentlemanly actors in London, but then they are scattered; and one gentlemanly actor, surrounded by the usual theatrical swells, and playing to actresses who are clever and pleasant, but who carry into what are supposed to be Belgravian drawing-rooms the playfulness and pronunciation of Hoxton or Brixton, cannot do much. And, if we go below those of the first rank, we see at once excellent reason why the performers should not be treated as great poetical artists. They never think of poetry, and have nothing whatever about them that can be called artistic. The gulf that separates them from the poetical representatives of a poetical thinker is patent to the eyes of all men. They have a special cleverness, leading to a definite, but very unromantic, result; and they sell this capability at its market price. Nor can the public forget that actors do not attempt to raise or improve the public taste. They might do so, but they do not. They very sensibly prefer to make money, and to give the public, not what will do it good, but what it will pay to see.

Thus we see very much what the praise of professions comes to. No praise can alter the great facts of social life. However much a profession like that of actors may be praised, the feeling will still exist in English society that those professions which are connected with the government and protection of the country are higher. Nor can praise dispel that impression of inferiority which the manners and pronunciation of English performers, and especially of female performers, too commonly produce. Actors are not connected with the government of the country; nor are they altogether like educated people, except, as we have said, in occasional instances; nor do they perform a service to society which society finds indispensable. They cannot, therefore, expect that society will pay them any excessive honour, or view them with unmixed admiration. At the same time, they have a profession which does admit of a high ideal being realized in it; they have now cleared themselves of that reputation for something vagabond, queer, and unrespectable which used to attach to their calling; and they will rise with the general rise of that stratum of English society to which they belong. To all this it will contribute if every now and then their claims and aspirations are stated, admitted, and approved of by persons who have the ear of the public. Meanwhile, the actors can console themselves with the reflection that they have some peculiar professional virtues, and that especially, as Mr. Dickens pointed out, they are open-handed and liberal to their theatrical brethren. This is a very easy and homely virtue; but it gives a not unimportant character to their ordinary life. They, like most people in the world, have a prosaic life for their ordinary one; and even if the fine words they hear at an annual dinner

might tempt them for a moment to forget this, it would soon be recalled to their recollection by the stern realities of their vocation.

EXPLANATIONS.

THERE are few words that carry a heavier weight of dulness, or are beset with more annoying associations, than "Explanation," and the verb "To Explain," in all its tenses. We do not remember that the poets give them a place in the armoury of Discord; but, in their dull, hypocritical way, none deserve it better, for every so-called explanation induces some element of discordance and separation, and puts the speaker in a sort of opposition of sentiment or inclination to the hearer. The words have, no doubt, an innocent use as applied to things; but when men come to explain a meaning that had previously seemed too clear, or to give an explanation of a questionable course of conduct, or to seek an explanation of a line of action which has displeased them—above all, when, under the privilege of intimacy, there is a mutual unfolding of motives and intentions with the professed design of explaining away some chance coldness or difference—it is rare that mischief does not come of it. And as for truth, which is the professed aim, who was ever thoroughly satisfied with himself, whose conscience ever came out quite white and clean, after some tooth-and-nail explanation on some intricate knotty point in which his feelings or passions have been engaged? The sense of failure after these encounters is, indeed, so general that we believe the practice would be about given up by rational people but for a perversion of language which universally prevails. Wherever neighbours and acquaintances do not quite hit it, wherever there is some slight breach or halt in intimacy, the state of things is called a misunderstanding. The affair is politely attributed to the respective parties not knowing enough of each other's inner motives and opinions—it being assumed that the more people know exactly what goes on inside each other, the greater friends they will be. Now, of course, if ignorance lies at the bottom of the difficulty, an explanation has some chance of removing it; and thus, the word "misunderstanding" suggests naturally the idea of explaining it away. But if misunderstanding, as we believe, always means collision, the recourse to explanation is manifestly absurd; and that the word does convey this meaning, those at least will not doubt who have, on the other hypothesis, tried what an elaborate explanation of themselves can do. Pure unadulterated mistake has not much to do with human affairs out of novels. In fact, all minds brought into near contact are aware, except where the ties of a life-long family affection and unity of interests blind them, of certain incongruous elements and points of antagonism which untoward circumstances occasionally bring into prominence. There is some quality in each unit of the most attached pair of friends, or even lovers, which is not acceptable or agreeable to the other—which, when uppermost, causes a rub, and results even in a sense of mutual blame—but which need not cause any lasting disturbance if recognised for what it is, an inborn difference or defect, a spot come into sight. For collisions are passing things—even serious collisions; if we weather the first shock, we may go on as before, merely learning a scarcely conscious lesson of caution. But in impulsive minds a desire arises to do something. Self has to be cleared, or another has to be called to account; we must needs get at the bottom of things, and see where the fault lies, and once for all make things straight. Now, whenever this craving arises, the friendship or familiarity has arrived at one of its inevitable hitches; and it is certainly wisest to go round it, if possible, not to make too violent efforts to remove what is deeper rooted and harder to shift than haste and inexperience will believe. Clashes of feeling or opinion must come, sooner or later, when there are hidden differences. The warmest friendship must be content with something short of absolute unanimity—must now and then endure tacit disapproval, must rely on a general estimate of conduct, must submit to be what it calls mistaken, while in reality there is as good an understanding as innate differences and opposing views and interests will allow.

Few persons are aware how seldom they act in the affairs of life on a formal array of reasons. All people who are fond of explanations have more than half their reasons to seek on the spur of the moment and in the heat of talk. In fact, men act on the principles that have formed their characters, but very seldom think of reasons till after an affair is over. Hence all sorts of temptations to be disingenuous. The mind must be very candid and transparent which comes out of one of these explanatory duels unconscious of suppressions and special pleadings, and of glosses which a man may be sure his opponent has seen more clearly than himself, and which may unduly lower his opinion of his sincerity. When the Frenchwoman explained that she wished for a divorce because she could practise no virtue with the Dutchman, nobody would give her credit for the particle of truth which was possibly there. To persons who cannot follow the causes of your conduct intuitively, your reasons evoked at a moment's notice are not likely to make matters better, or better understood; for a reason which barely represents half your motives to yourself is sure to enter the other mind in such travestied guise as to convey nothing as you intend it. A man's principles may be good and the application of them nothing to be ashamed of, but he has found them hardly presentable without a little varnish. In fact, motives of conduct are such complex things that they often refuse to be put into words. In private and individual cases, moreover, they may have no possible disgrace in them, and yet there may

be a pardonable reluctance to proclaim them. Self-respect and want of appropriate language drive people in these predicaments to the hypocrisy of a higher ground than they have a right to. Sydney Smith, arguing with "a good, honest Tory," on Catholic Emancipation, asks of what importance it is to him whether a Protestant or Catholic is made a judge? "None," is the disinterested answer; "but I am afraid for the Church of Ireland." "Why do you care so much for the Church of Ireland?" "I do not care so much for the Church of Ireland, if I was sure the Church of England would not be destroyed." "And is it for the Church of England alone that you fear?" is the insinuating rejoinder. "Not quite that," comes out at last, "but I am afraid we should all be lost—that everything would be overturned, and that I should lose my rank and my estate." In politics, a party may be made to explain itself in this fashion—may be driven to a confession of selfish as well as public ends, without leaving a soreness behind; but there are a hundred private motives and considerations in social life which will not bear such treatment, and which cannot be forced into words and made distinctly visible without a sense of humiliation, and yet which are quite as lawful as the Tory's regard for his own estate. Conversation and all social intercourse is carried on under the notion of a certain masonic comprehension more subtle than language, and nothing is so embarrassing to our candour and sense of truth as to find this freemasonry at fault. Families, cliques, societies understand one another with this electric rapidity; wherever temper or opposing interests break the mystic link, friends and intimates are in the position of opposing classes, who have to lay down everything in the way of formal explanation. Words are powerless to restore the old flush of recognition, and it is very seldom wise to have recourse to them, where there are such hindrances on each side as impeded sympathies and perception blinded by eager self-vindication.

People, indeed, who have faith in explanations and periodical repairs of their friendships, had need of an exceptional amount of charity, or of some Lethe of their own wherein to bathe their memory after them; for we are comparatively indifferent to being misunderstood, or even misjudged, where it comes of our friends blunder, or his dulness to our merits, but nobody can stand having his array of statements, his proofs, arguments, justifications, set at nought. It is intolerable, after condescending to a laborious vindication, to remain where one was—after an unanswerable display of grievances, to see one's friend unconvinced and impenitent; and yet some touch of this evil clings to every explanation, with whatever temper conducted. But what temper can come wholly unscathed out of the ordeal? In many hands, explanations, of course, slip at once into mere recrimination, proceeding to the scandal of a quarrel and mutual loss of respect, even where reconciliation ensues. But short of this, and where principle, self-control, and politeness, are never lost sight of, this form of encounter brings out many awkward revelations. Few natures ring true through their whole depths. There is a savage untamed spot in most hearts. Education and the discipline of society do not subdue the whole man. We do not slander humanity in saying that few men are gentlemen under every conceivable trial. Something rough and rude lurks, unknown, unseen, in many an elegant refined bosom, civilized by all that culture can do, and proof against all attacks recognized as such, but which reveals itself under the insidious temptation of one of these friendly passages at arms. Of all possible forms of this evil, the worst and the most dangerous is where members of the same household or family, ceasing to trust to instinct and experience in their perilous intimacy, throw themselves upon verbal explanations.

It may be observed, that people who keep their friends, and live in a state of harmony with the world, systematically deny themselves the luxury of explanations. Things go a little wrong, but they wait patiently until they right themselves. They trust to time, to patience, to the weight of a composed and forbearing attitude, to the powerful influences of reticence and self-respect. While people are much and variously involved in the world's business and pleasures, they hardly recognize the temptation to this undignified form of exculpatory vindication and self-assertion. Indeed, a fondness for explanations can scarcely possess persons in the brisk intercourse of life. It demands time to brood. It belongs to pauses in the hurry of existence—to the byways of life. Women are more given to it than men; dwellers in small towns than in great. Even the same people take to explanations in the country which they would never think of making in London. Apart from any sense of neglect or grievance, there is a constant tendency in some minds to explain themselves and right themselves in the eyes of the world. All people who do not come up to their own idea of themselves, and are afflicted with morbid misgivings that they do not do themselves justice, have this habit. A person of this sort will plunge into any depth of new blunder in explaining away his last solecism. It is, in fact, the way conceit works where it has rare occasions for display and wants a field. Most people's consciousness will tell them that, if ever fit of explaining themselves has been upon them, it has been in some flutter of self-love, self-consciousness, or self-interest. This at once differs from, and is more pardonable than, that solemn sense of importance which impels some men to explain every step in their course of action—to give a reason for everything they do, under the notion that they are examples. There are dull prosers whose lips are engaged all their lives in a running comment on their actions—who, like Mr. Collins, cannot take a hand at whist without detaining their hostess to explain why they think

such a step justifiable and becoming to their position. Poor people are very prone to obtrude tedious apologetic explanations on their betters, sometimes to the suspension of all rational talk—not from conceit, but from an inevitable ignorance of the small hold which their chance ceremonial intercourse has on persons remote from their ways of thought, and full of other things. Nor does all their desire to be civil preserve them from the common fate of explanations where self is necessarily prominent; as where the rustic, eager to atone for some fancied want of respect to a stranger at the Hall, opens his apology, on next meeting the distinguished visitor, with—"I'm sure, sir, if I'd had the least notion as you was a gentleman." But, indeed, in less clumsy hands, it needs the greatest tact to enter on an affair of this kind without making worse of it; and, generally, "to explain the why and because of a failure in respect or appreciation is only to commit a fresh and more offensive blunder, and is not seldom taken for deliberate impertinence. It may be noted that persons who have the art of managing others never explain themselves. To give reasons for a course of conduct is at once to expose it to criticism, and to deprive it of the weight which belongs to action as the result of character. The *Times*, for instance, is as careful never to explain itself as it is never to apologize. Indeed it may be doubted whether the most powerful and influential wills ever explain reasons or probe into motives, even to themselves. They have an instinct of working their way and effecting their purposes, which is the exact contrary of the bore's state of mind—the man who influences nobody—whom we have represented as always employed in explaining to himself and other people why he does things.

We started with the admission that some explanations are both innocent and necessary. Children are entrapped, as it were, by their trick of questioning, into the trial of listening to formal explanations in answer. Some things must be learnt by this method, however little "sympathy it has with the will of man." Not seldom we have seen a careless talker betray himself into the same snare, and writh under the penance which, through nobody's fault but his own, he has brought upon himself. But we maintain that orators, teachers, conversers, should, one and all, be chary of the explanatory form, as being apt in its nature not only to induce tedium in the listener, but a sort of dogged resistance. Thus, between two preachers of equal power, the question of popularity will be decided by the mode in which their teaching is administered. The man who explains tires his hearers. The man who makes statements interests them. The demand on the attention in his case is less arbitrary, and it is given with less effort. In the one case, a man seems full of his subject—in the other, of his own way of putting it; and while there may not seem much in common between the "explanations" of social life and the didactic explanation of the teacher, there is this likeness—that the person engaged upon either of them is putting his case in his own point of view, and requiring us to see with his eyes.

POLAND AND ITS BOUNDARIES.

PERHAPS no one publication ever did so much for historical knowledge as the *Hand Atlas* of Dr. Karl von Spruner. As long as people were driven to go on with two maps only of every country, one "ancient" and one "modern," it was wholly impossible to understand anything. What is a man to do if he is reading about the fourth Crusade, and has no choice beyond one map made to illustrate the campaigns of Sitalkes and another made to illustrate the campaigns of Diebitsch? What if he is trying to make out the dominions of Charles the Bold, with one map representing the Gaul of Augustus and another representing the France of Louis Napoleon? An historical Atlas like Spruner's dispenses more popular confusions, and throws light upon more dark places, than any other one thing. It shows how countries have shifted their boundaries and changed their names, and what constant blundering follows if the names and boundaries of one age are transferred to another. To take one very obvious instance—the modern Kingdom of Saxony, and the Saxony which was subdued by Charles the Great, have not an inch of ground in common. The narrative, of course, if read with due attention, would show this; but it needs the distinct maps of the different ages to bring the fact clearly and completely before the mind. So in countless cases; people are led into errors innumerable by supposing that boundaries as they now exist must have always existed, or perhaps that the "ancient" divisions lasted down to some one particular time, and were then universally exchanged for the "modern."

The fluctuations in the boundaries of Poland, and in the application of the name, have not been quite so remarkable as in the case of some other countries; but they are quite enough to cause a good deal of confusion. Poland has not absolutely shifted its place on the map, like Saxony and Calabria, nor is the name used in five or six wholly distinct meanings, as is the case with the name of Burgundy. Still it is easy to see—and the late increased interest in Polish matters has brought out the fact more plainly—that people in general do not clearly understand the difference between the modern Kingdom of Poland and Poland in the wider sense which the word bore in the last century. This is not the first time that we have tried to make the matter more intelligible, and if Polish matters continue to be discussed as long as they seem likely to be, it probably will not be the last.

The word Poland, then, may be said to have three meanings in history, which must be distinguished from one another. There is,

first, the original Polish State—first Duchy and then Kingdom—before its union with Lithuania. There is, secondly, the Kingdom of Poland in its widest extent, including Lithuania, Polish Russia, and Polish Prussia. There is, thirdly, the Kingdom of Poland of the modern diplomacy, annexed, as a separate Kingdom, to the Russian Empire, by the Treaty of Vienna. It is of course between these last two meanings of the word that the popular confusion takes place. The modern Kingdom of Poland is the only Poland about which diplomatists, as such, can know anything. The sins of Russia against that Kingdom are sins against engagements entered into with the rest of Europe. The sins of Russia against other parts of old Poland are sins against Polish nationality and against natural justice, but they are not breaches of faith towards other European Powers. Here is an important distinction at once. And, again, the fact that the Emperor of Russia takes the title of King of Poland tends, in popular apprehension, to obscure two or three facts. It suggests the notion that the Emperor of Russia possesses all Poland in the larger sense, whereas, in truth, large parts of it are possessed by Prussia and Austria. It further suggests the notion that all the dominions of Russia within the limits of old Poland are parts of the modern Kingdom, whereas by far the greater part of the Russian territories in Poland are incorporated with the Russian Empire. It lastly tends to confound the Russian acquisition of Polish territory by force and fraud in 1772, 1793, and 1795, with the further acquisition of the existing Kingdom of Poland by European treaty in 1815.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe in which all old landmarks have been so completely uprooted as in Poland, none where modern divisions so completely and so arbitrarily ignore ancient ones. Poland, in its widest extent, fell into several easily marked regions—Poland Proper, Polish Prussia, Lithuania Proper, Polish Russia, Lithuanian Russia. The partitioning Powers seem, of set purpose, to have made their new boundary lines everywhere cross the old ones. The modern Kingdom answers to nothing. Its greatest portion, indeed, comes within the limits of Poland Proper, but it also includes small portions of Lithuania and of Polish Russia. One thing only may be remarked. Of the first Poland—the ethnological, as distinguished from the historical or the diplomatic, Poland—no part is incorporated with the Russian Empire. Within the limits of this first Poland, the Czar reigns as King of Poland and not as Emperor of All the Russias.

The original Poland, then—Poland ethnological, Poland which Mieczyslaus christianized, Poland whose Dukes and Kings figure in the history of the Frankish and Swabian Emperors—does not answer exactly to anything on the present map. It included the greater part of the modern Kingdom of Poland, with the Prussian Duchy of Posen, and part of the Austrian Kingdom of Galicia. It also included Silesia, which got transferred to Bohemia very early. It thus stretches further to the west and to the south, and not so far to the north and the east as the present Kingdom. Russia then stretched west of the Bug—Germany did not (except in another quarter) reach so far east as the Oder. The old Poland, like the kindred kingdom of Bohemia, was a purely inland State, and had no sea-board whatever.

The second sense of the word Poland is something very different. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Poland was, in territorial extent, one of the greatest of European Powers. The Kingdom of Poland and Grand Duchy of Lithuania, with their annexed and dependent provinces, were larger than the whole Germanic Empire, far larger than France or Spain. They reached from the Silesian frontier—the only frontier which had receded—a good way east of the Dnieper. Sweden was a neighbour at one end, and Turkey at the other. The Teutonic Order had vanished. West Prussia was incorporated with the Kingdom, East Prussia was a vassal Duchy. The frontier towards Hungary and Germany underwent no change till the partition; but, in the course of the seventeenth century, Russia recovered a large portion of the eastern conquests of Poland, and Prussia was acknowledged as an independent Duchy, soon to assume the rank of a Kingdom. These changes left the Poland which began to be partitioned in 1772 a country still much larger than France, though with a population by no means proportioned to its extent.

Poland, then, when the partition began, consisted of the original Poland (except Silesia), the original Lithuania, the Russian provinces annexed to Lithuania and Poland, and the Polish or western part of Prussia. This last interposed, in a way which human nature could hardly resist, between the Kingdom of Prussia and the Prussian King's German dominions. Poland, in this sense, was, in the course of the three partitions, divided in a manner purely arbitrary. Poland Proper was divided between Prussia and Austria, Prussia taking by far the larger share, including the capital. Lithuania was seized by Russia, except a small part which was added to Prussia. Polish Russia was divided between the three—Russia, of course, taking the lion's share, and Prussia getting very little. Never in this world was any people or nation so coolly cut up alive. The result was a state of things which existed about ten or a dozen years only, but which gives a most curious shape to every map of Europe drawn about the year 1800.

We suppose that there is no exact parallel in history to this transaction. Dr. Latham, indeed, in his last book, tries not to justify, but to palliate it, by saying that it was not much worse than some other things recorded in history. This is undoubtedly true. Other things have been done quite as bad, but hardly anything exactly of the same kind. Perhaps the partition of the

Byzantine Empire by the Crusaders comes the nearest to it. But even there the crime is glossed over by a daring spirit of adventure, while the doings of Russia, Prussia, and Austria towards Poland were cold-blooded diplomatic wickedness. The part of Austria showed the basest ingratitude; and Russia and Prussia had no provocations less than two centuries old. Except that the lands to be annexed were geographically continuous, their claims against Poland were much as if England should demand Calais and Gascony. Dr. Latham's attempt to compare the partition of Poland with the so-called partition of the Spanish monarchy was singularly unlucky. The Spanish monarchy consisted of a number of detached States scattered over different parts of the world, and having no tie but a common bondage. To detach Belgium, Milan, and Naples was not a partition of Spain; it was merely setting free certain dominions which Spain ought never to have possessed. And even a partition of Spain—a separation of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre—would have been a much less violent measure than drawing arbitrary frontiers through the middle of Poland and Lithuania. The inhabitants of Naples and Belgium sustained no possible wrong by the separation; but all the inhabitants of Poland, except possibly in West Prussia, sustained the bitterest of wrongs by their partition. The only wrong done to the Spaniards was the attempt to force on them a King whom they did not want, and this wrong had been already done to the Poles. We certainly know of no event in all history where natural justice, international law, the claims of nationality, and the associations of past times, were all so completely trampled under foot.

The modern Kingdom of Poland consists of the acquisitions made by Prussia and Austria at the second and third partitions. The acquisitions of Prussia at those two partitions, with the exception of the city of Dantzig, were separated from Prussia by the first Buonaparte, and formed into what he was pleased to call the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. To these were afterwards added the latest stealings of Austria, the province of New Galicia—a province almost wholly strictly Polish, but including a small portion of Polish Russia. This Grand Duchy the Vienna treaties made into the Constitutional Kingdom of Poland, of which the Emperor of Russia for the time being was always to be King. Its extent, however, was lessened by the restoration of Posen and Thorn to Prussia. Thus arose the third or diplomatic sense of the name Poland. The modern Kingdom, it will be seen, is a very small portion of the great Polish State which existed a hundred years ago. But it answers, in a very rough way indeed, to Poland in the first sense. It has been a good deal cut short to the west, but slightly extended to the east.

Such is the diplomatic Poland—the only Poland for which Europe has a right to demand anything as a mere matter of keeping treaties. But late events have shown that the practical Poland of our times, the Poland of national justice and of national memory, coincides much more nearly with the second or most extended sense of the name. The present insurrection has clearly shown, what before was doubtful, the real temper of Lithuania and Polish Russia. It can no longer be doubted that they are essentially Polish in feeling, hardly less so than the Kingdom itself. Till the war broke out, this point was always doubtful. Most contradictory stories were told, and either version was credible in itself. Lithuania Proper is, indeed, in blood and language, much more removed from Poland than Russia is; but then Lithuania received its Christianity and civilization from Poland, and it had been for ages united to Poland by a close and voluntary tie. In Polish Russia we might have expected the ties of blood and religion to have spoken for the Muscovite rather than for the Pole. But the event has shown that it is not so. A large proportion of the people had settled down into the intermediate state of United Greeks, in which it seems that the Russian Government has not acquiesced, but has required complete communion with the Orthodox Church. This is what the newspapers mean by the ludicrous phrase of "acknowledging the Czar as their spiritual chief." There can now be no doubt that all old Poland, except West Prussia, is essentially Polish in feeling. Posen may, like Schleswig, be Germanized by the immigration of Germans, but it never will be by the conversion of Poles. In Galicia, Austria may continue to keep up a certain influence by her usual policy of playing off one class against another. But it is clear that Lithuania, Posen, Galicia, and Polish Russia, are all Polish at heart. This, of course, makes matters more difficult. To enforce the treaty obligation of 1815—which is all that Europe can diplomatically require—would hardly content the inhabitants of the Kingdom, and it would make the excluded provinces more discontented still. No Poland will really satisfy Polish feeling except a Poland with boundaries not far short of those of a hundred years back. Whether any diplomatic genius can find a "solution" for this "question," we do not pretend to say. Natural justice and real prudence dictate the surrender of the stolen goods by the robbers, but no nation or government is in the habit of listening to natural justice or real prudence in such cases. And we are already beginning to hear mysterious rumours about the exchange of Posen by Prussia and Galicia by Austria for a "territorial equivalent" elsewhere. Probably such rumours have nothing in them; but it is as well to think beforehand what they imply. A "territorial equivalent" for Prussia could only mean the annexation of one or two more German Duchies—a process which would assuredly damage nobody but their Dukes. But a "territorial equivalent" for Austria is quite another matter. We cannot suppose that anything is meant quite so monstrous as an

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"equivalent" at the expense of Switzerland or Italy, and Bavaria would be a more difficult mouthful than the little Duchies which divide the detached parts of Prussia. The equivalent, then, can only be found to the south-east. Now we cannot afford to see Servia enslaved, even as an exchange for seeing Galicia delivered. Nor would it do to pretend to confer a benefit on some immediate possession of Turkey by transferring it from an Infidel to a Christian master. The immediate gain to Orthodox Slaves of exchanging a Mussulman Sultan at Constantinople for a Catholic "Emperor" at Vienna would be very doubtful indeed. And, looking to the future, the gain would prove the greatest ultimate loss. Even if the "Emperor" were found for the moment a less grievous taskmaster than the Sultan, there would be infinitely less chance of getting rid of him altogether in the long run.

MANNERS.

MANNERS are to morals what the form is to the substance. Archbishop Whately says, somewhere, that no man can read better than he usually speaks in daily life; and, according to that principle, the perfection of reading in each man is to read as he naturally converses. Anything beyond this must be mannerism—everything short of it must be needlessly defective. In the same way, it might be said, looking at manners from the highest point of view, that the perfection of manners in each individual is to behave as he feels. True, his feelings may be far from the ideal standard of feeling, but, such as they are, their exact transcript, in his outward behaviour, will be the best manners of which *he* is capable. For if he affects a higher level, the affection—in manners, the cardinal vice, *peccatum peccatorum*—will peep out somewhere; and if he takes a lower level, it is only an affection of a different sort. In one case, he unduly exalts himself; in the other, he virtually depreciates his neighbour. Nevertheless, society, always practical in its requirements, decrees that, if a man's feelings are all they should be, so much the better for him and for all parties, but if not, the next best thing is that the outward and visible form of the invisible and absent graces should be pleasant as possible. If the pitcher contains nectar, it is well; if not, still let the form be as perfect as it can. And society is right. The habit of doing the proper thing reacts upon the feelings. It is dangerous to stereotype bad emotions in the habit of ill-breeding. Your dog has an unfortunate propensity for biting. Try to stop him short at the growling stage. Your horse is vicious. Be it so; but, at all events, prevent him from kicking, if you can. The habit of not kicking may cool his vice, and give time for reflection and the growth of calmer virtues. This is a doctrine which cabmen understand, and apply with success to all but themselves.

Leaving the more transcendental region of the exact relation of manners to feeling, it cannot be doubted that men gradually come to look upon manners as something distinct from mere feeling, something subject to rules of its own, having its own theory, and largely affecting the comfort and happiness of civilized life—as much, in fact, as petticoats or crinoline. Every civilization has given birth to its own dress and manners, as every flower expresses itself in its own bloom. Every crisis in history, every revolution, has had its counterstroke in the general manners of the people. In all cases, the only ultimate principle which can be arrived at is, "to do to others as we wish to be done by;" but in all cases *how*, and how far, we can do so, depends upon a variety of considerations arising out of the peculiar family life, the national character, and the artistic element in each case. The home feeling and grinding industry of Englishmen, coupled with their aristocratic institutions, the poverty and sun-baked pride of the idle and independent Spaniard, the courtliness and finesse of the social Frenchman, are marked by distinctive manners. It is painful to acknowledge that the manners of our clodhoppers, their shuffling, lumbering gait, and the heaviness of their thought and speech, suggest nothing so much as their resemblance to their own cart-horses. On the other hand, our middle classes are too often consumed with the desire to be what they call "gentle," but what we should define as that quintessential form of vulgarity which consists in caricaturing external forms the sense of which they do not understand, and which, if they understood, they would not acknowledge as any standard of their own. In all this we speak of manners. For of the high qualities, moral and political, of the English people as such, we have a very high opinion. Englishmen who have not mixed freely with foreigners cannot realize the enormous difference between the manners of the lower and middle classes in England and those of the same classes abroad. The Spanish beggar dressed in tatters takes his hat off to his fellow beggar, and addresses him with a grave courtesy, and a perfection of ease, which any nobleman might envy, and assuredly no nobleman need wish to surpass. The courtesy, good breeding, and social tact of the lower class of Frenchmen, though of a different kind, are, or until a recent period used to be, scarcely less remarkable. We remember sitting at a *table d'hôte* next to a little Frenchwoman of very humble birth. Her husband, she said in the course of the conversation, was a bagman. She herself had worked in a provincial factory, and spoke of it with a simplicity which in this country only accompanies the *crème de la crème* of high breeding. Her hands told the same tale, and she did not hide them. She was not pretty, nor was there the slightest attempt at fascination or flirtation. But her conversation was so naturally sustained and independent, her manner so deli-

cate, amiable, and unaffected, her language so happy, her accent so pure, and her voice so well balanced and agreeably modulated, that she might have sat without dispraise by the side of any countess in England. If this were an extraordinary exception, it would not be a fair one to quote. But we appeal to travellers, whether it is not the common type of the *petite bourgeoisie* in France. Why is it that, in countries where we believe the moral condition and the political freedom of the mass of the population to be more or less inferior to what they are in England, the symmetry and development of each individual in himself as a human being should be so unquestionably superior? Is it that the armour and panoply of rights which the ordinary Englishman carries about with him to protect him against the encroachments of his neighbour, eat into his flesh and impede his motions, and therefore, that the foreign David with his simple sling is a more graceful being than the English Goliath, armed at all points? Or is it, as the French, for instance, complacently suppose, that they are the most completely and rotundly civilized of all the nations of the world? These are questions which we leave to the discretion of our readers.

But, whatever may be thought of the lower orders, it has been well said that, the higher we ascend, the more do the manners of different countries tend to coincide. The manners of the well-educated Englishman are not very different from those of the well-educated Frenchman. But, although the differences have become more refined and impalpable, they exist nevertheless. If we take the highest class in the different countries of Europe, it is impossible not to be struck with the exact analogy between the manners and the genius of the respective languages in each case. The Frenchman's language is symmetrical, systematic, goes straight to the point, is clear, epigrammatical, and contains the largest amount of small coin ready for immediate use in the smallest compass, of any living tongue. The French manner corresponds exactly to the language. There is a certain harmony and system in a Frenchman's behaviour, which, in extreme cases, becomes a cut-and-dried mannerism, though, as a rule, mannerism is too quickly detected and ridiculed in France to hold its ground long. A Frenchman never seems to beat about the bush, but prefers going wrong at once, confident, if necessary, to be able to retrace his steps with ease and grace: hence, he seems much less afraid of committing himself than an Englishman. As his language is clear, so his manner seems candid, lest obscurity should savour of incapacity or design. And he adapts himself to all the little occurrences of life with the flexibility symbolized by the thousand little idiosyncrasies which are the best crystallized sweatmeats of his native country. The Spaniard's manner has the loftiness and magnificence of his native language. It is the manner of kings. He raises circumstances to himself rather than adapts himself to them. The curve and inflexion of his manner is the curve and sweep of his literature. It is essentially the "grand manner" corresponding to the "grand style." He requires a certain latitude to unfold his wings; and to chain him to the swift and epigrammatical versatility of the Frenchman would be like asking Mr. Disraeli or the late Sir Robert Peel to address Parliament in the language of the *gamin de Paris*. If we turn to the English manner, we find the same analogy subsisting. The English language is essentially unsystematic, irregular, and practical. Its vocabulary is borrowed from all the winds of heaven, and marvellously compounded without any primary thought of symmetry or harmony. Throughout, in its formation, English is pervaded with the utilitarian principle and has an eye to business. And hence it has the defects, but also, in its more perfect specimens, the beauties and excellencies which always ultimately arise from the close adaptation of means to ends. No one can doubt that a tree is closer to nature than the most perfect statue ever carved. And a noble tree, although it has grown on the utilitarian principle of the closest adaptation of means to ends, has an artistic beauty of its own which some men would think superior to the finest work of human art. Without discussing the rival opinions, we hardly think it will be gainsaid that the difference between the two kinds of merit is precisely that which exists between the French and English languages and the French and English manners. As the lower English manner is coarse in its rougher nature, so the higher English manner, when purified of its coarseness, is more simple, more natural—it is the manner of the summer lawn, and not of the reception room. The symmetrical French versatility and the French disposition for moral and conversational fireworks seem too puerile to the Englishman, while the Spanish grandeur seems too arrogant and impracticable: hence, he cultivates a golden mediocrity, a sort of masculine cordiality, always, in the best examples, tempered with a slight reserve. No people profess more than the English to abhor the maxim which bids us live with our friends as though they might one day be our enemies, and none affect it more frequently in their outward behaviour. Nor can it be said that in so doing they diminish the worth of their friendship. They save it, on the contrary, from many a mischance to which in less guarded natures it is liable. The Frenchman thinks, with the characteristic "bah," that a thing which requires so much attention is not worth having. And as he cannot do without it, he seizes hold of it, and smothers it on his breast. An Englishman thinks that a thing so well worth having deserves all the attention in his power, and he had rather keep the flower of his friendship in iced water than stifle it in his hands. So far, the best English manner seems to us to be in many points superior to that of other countries.

But there is a crop of eccentricities and anomalies in second-

rate English manners, which are very curious and sometimes very distressing, and which seem to be totally indigenous. The chiefest is rather a positive defect than an eccentricity, and that is the almost total absence of any manifestation of a desire to please. In this respect foreigners have an unquestionable superiority. A well-bred foreigner will go and sit by another person without familiarity or assumption, and yet with an indefinable air over his whole being expressive of a desire to please that person. He does not look self-satisfied—he does not look busy, nor anxious, nor important—he does it without fuss and with a certain reserve. Perhaps he looks grave, or perhaps there is the twilight of a smile, but in all cases his whole attitude seems to say, "I am glad to have met you." What topic can we discover most pleasing to yourself? And if we cannot discover anything very wonderful, still it is a pleasure to sit in your company for a few minutes." How different is this from the snug, half-playful, half-silly, half-conceited, half-shy, half-arrogant, evangelical manner of a certain class of English people and sucking clergymen, to whom we lately had occasion to refer! Here, indeed, there is a desire to please, not for the sake of pleasing, but only by way of alluring and enticing a lower animal—"an immortal soul" they pretend to call it—secretly thought to be in a melancholy plight, into the bliss of the sectarian fold. Hence all those airs and graces which resemble nothing so much as the contortions of a bird-catcher teaching young bullfinches to pipe. With this exception, curiously connected with the characteristically English absence of a desire to please for its own sake, as an essential part of high-breeding, is the strange infatuation of a large part of the younger generation to affect an air of indifference, varied only by fits of smirking, giggling, and flirtation, and the use of slang phrases, which supply the place of pleasant intercourse between young people who would have enough to say, and could amuse each other much better by saying it, if they were not afflicted with the mania for being thought witty, and the dread of ever being thought in earnest. Thus, the young men of the present day seem to labour hard to be thought empty puppets, and the young women empty puppets. "Celui qui court après l'esprit, attrape la sottise." Doubtless we owe this in a great measure to the halo of cant with which the puritan party have contrived to invest the idea of earnestness. Yet if we look for the distinctive feature of the best manner in foreigners, whom we twit with levity, it is precisely its pervading earnestness. And it cannot be denied that the last and most beautiful touch, the ideal varnish of perfect high-breeding, is, in fact, earnestness with simplicity. Earnestness is the outward and visible symbol of inward and invisible sincerity—the foundation of pleasant intercourse. To be in earnest is the first and last compliment we can pay to those with whom we deal. We thereby acknowledge that we respect them, without which no society is possible. And perhaps this will account for a fact which vain young fools often fail to comprehend—namely, that so many accomplished women prefer much older men. A true woman prefers feeling to wit, and still more to its pretence. Nor does earnestness exclude mirth or glee. On the contrary, the true character of earnestness is to laugh if there is anything to cause laughter, and not to laugh if there is nothing to laugh at. In some English manners, there is a suppressed irony—an "I could laugh, an' I would, but it is not worth my while, or I think it vulgar, or I think it beneath my dignity, or beneath my office, or contrary to my religious opinions"—which is the opposite of earnestness, and which is simply very bad breeding, because it is hollow and unamiable. A foreign woman, exquisitely polished and refined, who will converse with the utmost earnestness and grace upon any subject that interests her, will not hesitate to burst into a ringing peal of laughter, should anything particularly tickle her fancy. This, however, is something very different from the conduct of some young people, who affect to disregard the feeling of their elders by laughing loud on all occasions and on the very slightest provocation. Of course, the true freedom of earnestness is something very alien to the diplomatic reserve of certain circles, where people meet because they must, not because they wish it, and where every person watches every other person, bent not on pleasing or on being pleased, but on snapping up something to turn to account in favour of one party or against another. All this may be necessary and inevitable, but it is the exact opposite of good manners, the essence of which is to beget mutual pleasure. The subject is indeed inexhaustible. We will only add that as, in pictures, the clod-hopper is satisfied with a sign-post, the pawnbroker with anything that pays, while the artist sighs after a higher ideal, so the same principle exactly applies to manners.

POSITION OF THE CONTENDING FORCES IN AMERICA.

IT seems an almost hopeless task to reduce into something intelligible the conflicting reports which each mail brings us from America respecting the position, objects, and various success, or otherwise, of the several armies. In a few sentences mingled together without regard to geography, dates, or matter, the news of the military operations reaches us. In two lines one's mind is supposed to range over hundreds of miles, and the affairs on the Potowmack stand side by side with the operations of General Rosencranz, or the attack on Port Hudson. The system of concocting sensation paragraphs in the American papers,

and the carelessness and want of interest with which important expeditions appear to be regarded by the mass of the people when they have once started, add to the difficulties of those who really wish to study the campaigns with a regard to their military results. Let us, however, endeavour to take the several great expeditions in detail, beginning from Vicksburg in the west, to which point, joined to the still more important campaign commencing in Kentucky, the war has been for some time converging.

The canal project appears to have failed. A bold attack by transports on the river face of the town does not seem to have been thought practicable by the Federal generals; the land force has retreated fifteen miles to Milliken's Bend, and the work of reducing or turning the position has been, as in various other instances, entrusted to the gunboats. The commanders and crews of these vessels do not seem to want enterprise, but theirs is no easy task. They seek to make their way up bayous and streams hitherto unexplored, to inland waters which are unknown except to the scanty population of the immediate neighbourhood. The depth of these streams is unknown; even their course is marked on no chart; and their banks are thickly clothed with tangled forest, under cover of which hostile batteries may suddenly open on the devoted expedition, or else the vessels may themselves run aground, and, unless burnt, become the prey of the enemy. Two expeditions of this kind appear to have left the Mississippi with the same object—viz. that of reaching the upper portion of the Yazoo River, and so taking some of the defences of Vicksburg in reverse. The first, consisting of two gunboats (probably iron-clad), two rams defended with bales of cotton, and three small gunboats, joined to and partially conveying a land force of three batteries, 300 cavalry, and 10,000 infantry, left the Mississippi by a canal opened about fifty miles above Helena, and connecting the waters of the Mississippi with those of Deer River and the Yazoo Pass. Proceeding down this river, or by other bayous, the expedition reached the place where the two streams of the Tallahatchie and Yallabusha join, 150 miles above Yazoo city, and 240 from Vicksburg. Here the force appears to have experienced resistance from Fort Pemberton, near which a body of 6,000 men, under the Confederate General Loring, was stationed. This point was reached on the 14th of February, and no news of the expedition has been received since that date. There is, however, a report that it was repulsed and forced to retire three miles up the Tallahatchie. Its subsequent fate must cause uneasiness to the Federal government, hemmed in as it is among shallow streams and far from any means of succour. The second expedition—said by the last accounts to be the real attack, the first having been only intended as a feint—seems to have left the Mississippi at a point much lower down its course, by the Cypress and Steeles bayous which connect it with the Sunflower River, and so form a communication with the Yazoo above Haines Bluff. This expedition consists of a transport containing the 8th Missouri regiment, a small gunboat, and four iron-clads: and it is hoped that it may succeed in turning the defences of Vicksburg at the point where they abut on the Yazoo River. On a careful consideration of the objects of these expeditions, one is forced to the conclusion that, even if they should prove successful in opening a passage along the course of the Yazoo, the effect on the defences of Vicksburg will not be great, as the Yazoo does not flow in rear of those defences, but enters the Mississippi twenty miles above the town. If an entry should be made into the upper waters of the Big Black River, which flows into the Mississippi thirty miles below Vicksburg, the result might be different. Still they may cause great injury to private property, and vast destruction among the cotton plantations and depots situated in the centre of the State of Mississippi. Rumour says that the Confederate General Bragg, who is now commanding under Johnston in Tennessee, is to take the place of General Pemberton at Vicksburg, and to be succeeded in Tennessee by General Longstreet.

Before leaving the Mississippi, a word on the late operations at Port Hudson may not be out of place. After various contradictory reports, the truth seems to be, that Commodore Farragut succeeded in passing the batteries of Port Hudson on the 14th February, with one gunboat, the *Hartford*, and with the loss of the gunboat *Mississippi*. The situation of the *Hartford* is anything but secure, as she is threatened by a combined attack of the Confederate vessels *Webb* and *Queen of the West*. The land expedition, under the command of General Banks and Grover, has proceeded up the Amite River to St. Helena, twenty-five miles from the lines of defence of Port Hudson, and is reported to have advanced twenty miles from that point for the purpose of attacking Port Hudson in the rear. Still the place holds out, and it is alleged that there is great demoralization among the Federal troops under Banks—a legacy left by the misconduct and unsoldier-like behaviour of General Butler.

If we now proceed to glance at the map of Tennessee and Kentucky, we find signs which foreshadow movements of vast importance, and which may bear on the results of the Mississippi campaign. General Rosecrans is still at Murfreesborough, holding the ground occupied by his army, harassed in his front, flanks, and rear, and urged on to more rigorous action against non-combatants by despatches from General Halleck, founded on complaints made by his own subordinate generals—despatches which increase

in violence as it becomes more difficult to obey them by vigorous military operations. Rumour says that he is to be reinforced by 15,000 men of the unfortunate army of the Potomac, which force, however, will probably be retained for the defence of Northern Kentucky and Ohio. In his front at Tullahoma, on the Nashville and Chattanooga railway, is stationed the main body of the Confederate army under General Johnstone. Threatening Franklin, on his right, is the Confederate General Van Dorn with a large force of cavalry—the transports on the Cumberland River, and even the rail between Louisville and Nashville by which the supplies for the Federal army are conveyed, being liable to molestation and destruction by raids of cavalry under Generals Forrest, Wheeler, or Morgan. Knoxville, in Tennessee, has been made the base of operations for an attack by the Confederates on Kentucky; and already news has reached us of the occupation by their troops of the town of Danville, situated between the Cincinnati and Frankfort and the Louisville and Nashville railways, and of the town of Mount Sterling, lying east of the rail to Cincinnati. These expeditions threaten an attack on either (or both) Louisville or Cincinnati, and also appear to indicate that the people of Kentucky have, as the Americans say, decided Southern propensities; otherwise, an advance to so great a distance from the base of operations would be dangerous. The occupation of either of those places would not only influence the movements of General Roseneranz and have a vast political importance, but would also, by giving the Confederates the command of one or both banks of the Ohio, prevent supplies from proceeding down that river to the armies on the Mississippi. The last news from Ohio and Indiana would also seem to show that fears of an insurrection in those States are entertained by the Government of Washington—a movement which the advance of the Confederate troops might possibly encourage. The recent appointment of General Burnside to the command at Cincinnati, and the rumours of General Curtis being superseded in the Western district by either General Heintzelman or Sigel, would also lead to the supposition that the Government at length perceives that men of the Butler stamp are not fitted for high command—Heintzelman and Sigel being moderate men, and Burnside a Democrat. To counterbalance these successes on the Confederate side, a Federal expedition with gunboats is reported to have penetrated up the Tennessee River as far as Tuscumbia in Northern Alabama; but it is not apparent that this expedition has any object to accomplish which could influence the result of the campaign. Taking into consideration the present position of the contending armies in Kentucky and Tennessee, the probability of success must be adjudged to the Confederates.

Turning to the East, we find nothing of importance on the Rappahannock—rumours of an expected advance by the Federals having been too often circulated to deserve credit. There is a report of an attack having been made by the Confederates on Newberne in North Carolina. The attacks on Charleston and Savannah are from time to time postponed, though there are rumours of a bombardment of the former place having commenced. General Hunter is still at Hilton Head, having made no movement in advance, and being himself harassed by raids of the Confederates. His army also is demoralized by the ill-judged plan of brigading the black regiments with the whites. The Confederate forces are concentrated in a position about half-way between Savannah and Charleston, on the rail which connects those two places, being quartered in the several villages of Grahamville, Hardenville, Coosawhatchie, and Potataligo, and prepared to move to the assistance of either town should it be attacked.

On either side, the gunboats in these waters have not realized the expected results. The Federal vessels failed signally in their attack on Fort M'Alister on the Ogeechee River in Georgia; and the rams sent from Charleston with the object of destroying or driving off the blocking squadron likewise produced results so inferior to what were anticipated that the naval officer in command is to be brought before a court-martial. Nothing certain is known respecting the fate of the negro expedition up the St. Mary's River, which divides Georgia from Florida; but its probable consequence will be that the Confederates will capture the whole force, and furnish themselves with a large supply of slaves and arms. Passing along the Southern coast, we find Mobile still unmolested, and its defences are about to be increased by the addition of five gunboats, said to be in the course of construction on the Alabama River, two of which were to be ready for launching on the 1st of April. Galveston, on the Rio Grande, is strongly fortified, the guns captured on board the *Harriet Jane* and the *Westfield* having been mounted on its batteries; and the first-named vessel is at present seventy miles up the river, preparing to receive its iron-plating. Pelican Island has also been rendered very strong.

Having thus briefly reviewed the several positions of the armies, and taking it as a well-established maxim that the non-advance of an attacking force is almost tantamount to defeat, we are not surprised that the friends of the South are beginning to congratulate themselves on the probable success of the spring and summer campaigns. It is to be hoped that the effect of that success may be to lead to the termination of a war which, whatever may have been its primary causes, has resolved itself into a war of aggression for the purpose of conquest on the part of the Northern States.

SIR TATTON SYKES.

A WEEK or two ago, we chronicled the death of Mr. John Gully, a representative man after his kind. We have now to say a few words of one who was in some respects of kindred tastes, but of a very different type—Sir Tatton Sykes, the Nestor of the race-course and the training-ground, and a good many excellent things besides, in which Mr. Gully could not follow him. Sir Tatton Sykes was born in 1772, was a younger son, and accordingly, after due education at Westminster and Brasenose, was initiated into the business of the world in the office of Messrs. Farrar & Atkinson of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards became a partner in a banking-house at Hull. These, however, were not the sorts of business that at all suited the future Sir Tatton. At nineteen, he walked from London to Epsom (and back) to see the Derby—a race he only cared to visit once again, though he was present at no less than seventy-six St. Leger. At twenty-one, he drove home from Lincoln (a three days' journey) the half-score of pure Bakewell sheep that were destined to make the fortunes of nobody knows how many Yorkshire farmers and breeders in the course of a generation or two. While at Hull, he divided his intervals of business between his sheep, the camp, and his racers. He ran his first horse at Middleham in 1803, won his first race as a gentleman rider in 1805 at Malton, and his last in 1829, when he was fifty-seven, and he was still ready, for some years after, to ride for any one who asked him. Nothing that had to do with horses ever seemed to fatigue him. On one occasion (so we learn from "the Druid" in "Scott and Scbright")—

After riding sixty-three miles from Sledmere that morning, he was second in the four miles Maccaroni Stakes at Pontefract, slept at Doncaster that night, and was beaten in another four mile heat race against "Split-post Douglas," at Lincoln, next day. Twice over he journeyed from Sledmere to Aberdeen with his racing-jacket under his waistcoat, and a clean shirt and a razor in his pocket, for the sake of a mount on the Marquis of Huntley's Kutusoff and Sir David Moncrieff's Harlequin, when the Welter Stakes was the greatest race in Scotland; and without stopping to dine, went back to sleep at Brechin that night, and reached Doncaster, after a six days' ride, just in time to see Blacklock beat for the St. Leger. The 360 miles were done, principally in the forenoon, on a little blood mare, and with the exception of a little stiffness, she seemed no worse.

His rides to London and back—he scarcely ever performed the journey in any other fashion—were not such unusual achievements as "the Druid" seems to think them. It was the ordinary way in which Yorkshire gentlemen travelled thither when they were going without family and baggage accompaniment. Perhaps no one boasts a family tradition of a ride equal to that of Dick Turpin; but a Yorkshire squire, within our own recollection, performed the two hundred and odd miles on one mare, within an almost incredibly small number of hours, and most Yorkshire families of note have their stories of the kind. Sir Tatton generally took his journeys thitherward leisurely, and called on a Leicester breeder or two on his way. It is said that he never missed his annual ride into Leicestershire until he was past eighty. As master of hounds, he was, perhaps, unequalled. The two that approached nearest to his level, within our own knowledge, were the Dorsetshire squire, Farquharson, and his Yorkshire neighbour, Mr. Hill of Thornton; but Sir Tatton was pre-eminent, after all. Never were hounds better managed, or fields kept in better obedience, and never, perhaps, were huntsmen and whips so well mounted, and the whole apparatus so scientific. People who only "follow the hounds" have no notion how much of the qualities that go to make a general or a statesman is required for the management of a pack. And in all these qualities Sir Tatton was really great. Nothing was too laborious for him to attempt, and nothing too small to be worth attending to, and doing thoroughly. He was not exactly calculated to shine as a preacher, but the Preacher himself never set forth in words the maxim, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," more definitely than the Baronet did in deed. Up every morning with daylight, breakfasting on milk and an apple tart, over at his kennels (15 miles off, at Eddlethorpe), as early as his horse could carry him thither; then a day of cheery hunting, or of hedging and ditching among his tenants; now and then stopping to relieve a parish pauper by breaking a few heaps of stones for him, just for a rest, refreshing (pretty commonly) the pauper, but severely abstemious himself, and then on again for other work; brain and muscle relieving each other, and both made perfect so far as practice could do it—such was the routine of his daily existence, and those who knew him best can best say whether partiality itself can be partial about him. The facts of his life, if they could be got together, are more marvellous than most people's romances. Professor Kingsley ought to have tasted Sledmere ale, and become acquainted with the meaning of his own words—

Blow, blow, thou wind of God,

among the Nor'-easters of the wolds, and then he might have written the life of the most perfect specimen of Muscular Christianity that the last or the present generation has produced.

Muscular enough! He stood six feet in his stockings; he allowed no spare flesh to grow; he was Jackson's best amateur pupil; and though he never figured in the ring—save once when he came down from the Grand Stand at Doncaster to shake hands, at eighty-eight, with Tom Sayers after his great fight at Farnborough, and an extempore ring was formed for him by the admiring bystanders—he was one whom no

"rough" ever ventured to make free with. An amusing story is told of him in a genial biography in a past number of *Baily's Magazine*, to which we are indebted for two or three of our reminiscences:—

He once showed pluck to the father of Mr. Tattersall. He was already in the yellow leaf, when the two went together to the theatre at Doncaster, and were sitting on the back row of the boxes. A person afterwards came in with a cigar in his mouth, which, as some ladies were in the box, he was requested to put out. The man refused, and Mr. Tattersall, who, though lame, was strong, opened the door with one hand, and swung the fellow out with the other. The aged baronet immediately jumped up, buttoned his coat, and said in his mild way, "Leave him to me, sir; if he comes back, leave him to me, sir." The man came not.

And the Christianity was as stout and sterling as the muscularity. We venture to say that Sir Tatton did more good in his day than ninety-nine people out of a hundred ever dream of doing. His real greatness, after all, was as a practical landowner and benefactor of his generation. Breeding sheep and horses no doubt seems a sufficiently plebeian pursuit, in the regions of Belgravia; and here and there a reader is, perhaps, mentally ejaculating, "Of the earth, earthly!" and asking what might not this *vixida vis* have accomplished among Chinamen and Cherokees, Kaffirs and Calmuck Tartars, had he only had the grace to turn missionary? We fancy he would never have accomplished anywhere else a tithe of the good that he wrought where he was, and as he was.

In truth, he was a missionary in his way, and one of an uncommonly rare and useful sort. We must remember that Providence placed him in an inheritance of several square miles of Yorkshire wolds. *Spartam quam nactus es orna*, has been thought no bad incitement to exertion, and no bad motto for the coronet of the few who have obeyed it. To know how much it meant for him, we ought to know a little of a country which, whenever it falls in for a sacred bard, Sir Tatton will have made classic ground. The Yorkshire wolds are not, strictly speaking, a romantic, nor even an inviting, part of England. They consist, or consisted in Sir Tatton's earlier days, of a bare, treeless, waterless table-land, some thirty miles square, fit for nothing but sheep-walks, and hardly maintaining a sheep to an acre, and possessing the solitary advantage that you might gallop twenty miles "on end" without being troubled with a fence—brooks, of course, there were none. They were dotted here and there with an uncouth-looking village, which had preserved, nearly unchanged, from the days of the Danes and the Saxons, its straight street and straggling row of houses, and its dilapidated church—a pond at one end of the place for the cattle and geese of the community, and perhaps a few fir trees round the two or three chief farmsteads—and then, broad undulating chalk downs for miles and miles, with here and there a sheep-track crossing them, and then another village, painfully like the last. This was Sir Tatton's Sparta. He owned, perhaps, a quarter of the whole district, and nothing could look much more dreary than his inheritance. But he was exactly the man for the place. With infinite pains and cost he raised a splendid breed of sheep; and from his training-ground and its 120 brood mares came many hundreds of the best hunters in the country, and many of our best racers. The high prices of the war, his unstinted application of capital, and the enterprising set of tenants that his reputation gathered round him, enabled him (with the help of his favourite "bones" manure) to turn bare sheep walks into rich corn-growing land, averaging from forty to forty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre, enclosed by fences of his own devising, and many of them planted by his own hand. The valleys were well wooded with miles of plantations, every farm was well furnished with reservoirs after a plan of his own, and with some of the best farm-buildings in England, and finally (we must not forget to add) tilled by a population paid and fed in a way that would make S. G. O.'s poor Dorsetshire *protégés* wish to emigrate thither at once. All this was achieved long ago; his farms have been models for nearly half a century. Latterly, also—for to the very end he kept pace with the times he lived in—he took to school founding and church building. Every village on his estates has now a good school, and the Wold churches are on a level with those of our richest districts. His latest work of the kind, erected as a memorial to his wife, and consecrated about a year ago, is one of the most beautiful village churches imaginable. These are among the substantial results of Sir Tatton's life, and we fancy that a man like, for instance, the Bishop of New Zealand, would recognise in him a good many more of the best elements of the missionary than he often has the fortune to meet with.

Mere money and mere industry could never have achieved what he did. His success was owing especially to the faculty (which he possessed in a remarkable degree) of attaching every one to him, and leading people to see with his eyes and make his will their own. It is not enough to say of him, in the popular phrase, that he "never lost a friend nor made an enemy." He was pre-eminently a natural leader among men; he infected everybody with his tastes; in whatever he did, every one involuntarily tried to follow him. He was a thorough Tory, of course—the squirearchical idea would be incomplete without it. The last race that he won on a horse of his own was in 1829, and its name, "All Heart and no Peel," combined an allusion to the orange "body" of his jockey dress with a sufficient indication of the jockey's politics. But, in the hottest excitement of the Reform fever, no one ever suspected a tenant or neighbour of his of the slightest wish to vote "yellow," though a good many votes were not unfrequently thrown away through over-loyal bucolics at the polling-

booth ignoring the candidates altogether and persisting in voting for "Sir Tatton." If intimidation was out of the question, there was "bribery" and treating in plenty—bribery of the most substantial sort, all his life long, to every one who came near him—open house at Sledmere at election times—a magnificent public breakfast on the morning of the polling-day. Sir Tatton on one occasion, we believe, rode into Driffield at the head of three hundred voters. A lean Radical, as he passed, cried, "There they go, like so many sheep." "Ay, and with plenty of wool on their backs, too," was Sir Tatton's quick retort, and it quite explained the docility of the flock. His wit was always ready, and the odd thin voice gave it a peculiar piquancy. One day, soon after his marriage, an acquaintance, who had himself also recently been married, met him in the hunting-field, and pertly said, "Well, Sir Tatton, you haven't improved your dress much since your marriage." "No, Mr. S., no more than you have your manners." It should be mentioned, in explanation, that Sir Tatton remained steadfast to the costume of his youth—the high-collared coat, full shirt-frill, knee-breeches, and boots of the gentleman of seventy years ago. Once, on some public occasion, he is said to have tried trousers, but put them aside at once as "nasty things."

It is needless to add that his judgment of men, and his tact and grace in dealing with them, were as unerring as his eye for the points of a horse. What could be happier, to those who knew the late William Scott, than the following?—Scott was to ride Sir Tatton's namesake for the St. Leger of 1846. An Earl who believed himself safe to win on Iago, said to him, "You won't win to-day, Bill." "You be d—d!" was the too habitual rejoinder of the spoilt favourite of the turf. "Don't be rude, William," said Sir Tatton, "don't be rude, and I will lead your horse back for you if you win." Scott did win; and Herring's picture of Sir Tatton performing his promise is the chief memorial which most people possess of him. The story does not go on, as "good" stories ought to do, to say that Scott became a converted character and forswore swearing from that moment; but if anything could have wrought the miracle in question, it would certainly have been accomplished then.

Here we must end a reverential, though very inadequate notice of Sir Tatton Sykes. We are going to draw no morals and make no reflections. *Si monumentum queris—if you want to read the lesson of his life, go to Sledmere and its Wolds and circumspect.* Everything you can see for miles around is the living memorial of their extraordinary Squire. Or take his epitaph to heart as it was spoken from a pair of honest Yorkshire lips at his funeral—"Eigh, well! there'll maybe be a vast o' Sir Tatton Sykes's—and the more the better; but there'll never be nobbut one 'Sir Tatton.'

WORKING MEN'S DINNERS.

WHY is it that in England so much difficulty is found in introducing economy into the domestic life of the working classes? Is it over-fanciful to attribute our inaptitude for combination and centralization to an inherent tendency in the race? On the Continent, associated life is the rule—among ourselves, personal independence governs. The *table d'hôte* is the characteristic on the one hand—the solitary meal, even in clubs, prevails on the other. The same feeling runs through our whole social life. We delight in small parishes, small centres of action, and small spheres of local authority, where other European nations prefer large social organizations and a ubiquitous and omnipotent Imperialism. The ploughman eats his bread and cheese sitting alone under a hedge, while the French soldiers throw their rations into a common *pot-à-feu*, and gain both in comfort and economy. To attribute the difference to *mauvaise honte* is only to state the fact in other language. The philanthropic persons who have started, and who are starting, institutions for cheap and combined cooking and eating-houses, are obliged to go to a foreign language even for their terminology. The *restaurant* is as alien to our habits as to our speech; and we fear that there will be moral difficulties, arising from national character, to be overcome before they are successful. That they are not English is no reason, however, why they should not succeed, though it serves to account for the difficulties which they are sure to encounter. They are now being tried in Scotland, and are said to answer very well; but it is a curious ethnological fact that Scotland has always exhibited in some respects a Continental type of society. The mere fact that the Scottish peasant can make and relish broths, while the English cottage proscribes soup, points to a large, important, and general distinction, and suggests that what answers in Scotland may fail in England. The price-current and the *mise-en-table* of the Scotch cheap dining system has been fully and well described by "J. O." in the *Times*. He and a congenial friend, Mr. Stirling of Keir, greatly daring, dined at the new Glasgow dining saloons, and for fourpence half-penny enjoyed a good meal. If a gentleman of the stature, and thews, and sinews, in which "J. O." probably rejoices, could feed sufficiently for less than sixpence, the reflection on another correspondent of the *Times*, who some years ago favoured and astonished the world with some esoteric essays on the sublime science of artistic cookery, is indeed severe. The zenith and nadir of eating are before us, and we have perhaps equal reason, in either case, to rejoice that we are not all compelled to choose. The danger in these descriptions of the success of the Glasgow system lies in their romantic colouring. A ration of beef, cut either from the rump or the best ribs, and cooked for a penny and a half, must be of the smallest size; for the three-

halfpenny portion represents not only so much or so little beef, but the cost of rent, fire, cooking-utensils, crockery, furniture, and waiting. And, without intending to disparage the entire good faith of "J. O.'s" testimony, we must say that he is not quite an impartial witness to the sufficiency in the way of quantity of the Glasgow banquet. "J. O." on the memorable day when he experimented in the cheap kitchen, had probably breakfasted as gentlemen breakfast, and he does not tell us that his mid-day refraction saved him a seven o'clock repast of the ordinary sort. We should like to know a cabman's experience of the Glasgow kitchen after a week's daily trial of it. As it stands, the marvellous cheapness of the meal is what surprises us; for a two-trencher man, who wants a double commons, is almost stigmatized as a thrifless glutton.

In London, it appears, the scheme is about to be tried, as is our fashion, by two rival associations, and at a slight advance on the Scotch tariff. The one body calls itself the "Association for Promoting the Establishment in London of Self-Supporting Cooking Depôts for the Working Classes," under the auspices of Messrs. A. Kinnaird and S. Gurney; and the other rejoices in a similar, but not identical, title—"The London Association for the Establishment of Dining and Refreshment Rooms for the Working Classes." The former intends to adhere strictly to the Glasgow system, which, it is said, has also succeeded in Manchester. The latter body aims at improving and innovating upon the Scotch precedent. Their *carte* is certainly diversified, and presents what look like formidable novelties in the art of Apicus. As at present advised, we cannot say that we are disposed to experimentalize on a "fish toad-in-the-hole, 8 oz. for 1*d.*;" and we leave it to other adventurous inquirers to send in their reports on "India Pot, 16 oz. for 3*d.*," or on the novel luxury of "kidney and Scotch tripe, 6 oz. for 2*d.*" We fear that "sandwiches of new mixture, 1*d.* for 4 oz.," suggest a dissolving vision and mockery of food; but we are bound to add that the introduction of Indian meal and various vegetables is creditable to the invention of Mr. Warriner, the Instructor of Cookery at Aldershot, who makes himself responsible for the bill of fare of the second institution which "J. O." criticizes and condemns. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and we reserve our judgment. We only remark that the information which Mr. Warriner gives, that his "dishes are to be found in the bills of fare of our clubs" surprises us. Is it a fact that any club—we mean, as Mr. Warriner means, any Pall Mall club—really does cook "honey balls," and "curried tripe," and "fish toad-in-the-hole?" If so, let us be made acquainted with this economical institution. We have heard of the Rag and Fanish; but the Kidney and Scotch Tripe yet hides its choice and cheap *cuisine* from public knowledge.

What we fear is, that these Associations may protest and promise too much. *Hors d'œuvres* and sautéed kidneys are not for the working man. He not unreasonably likes to know what he is eating; he will suspect something canine or feline in a twopenny curry; and the plainer and more unsophisticated the fare, the better is its chance of being appreciated. It is not so much the savouriness of the mess as its succulence which recommends it to the poor; and in their present cookery, bad and thrifless as it is, there are the elements of common sense. The meat on which the poor man at present chiefly feeds is bacon, and he is quite right in buying it. The fat is what nourishes him. His mistake is in wasting half of it by the process of frizzling; and if he boils it, he is equally extravagant in not thickening with oatmeal the water in which it is cooked into a pottage. So with fish. Except in the matter of herrings, in which oil abounds, the poor are right in avoiding fish, in which the watery so far exceeds the alimentary substance. The fish *plat* for a penny is certainly a mistake. If, however, the associations do not attempt too much, there is an ample field of usefulness open to them. But they must lay their account to being misunderstood, and perhaps maligned. They will be met with suspicion in some instances, and with ingratitude in others. That is to say, they cannot hope to escape the law which compels all innovations, even of the most excellent intention, to pass through a season, perhaps a long one, of unpopularity. In but few instances have the Baths and Wash-houses for the Poor succeeded, and, at any rate, the system has not received that general appreciation which it deserves. Foremost among the causes of probable failure, will be the least tincture of an eleemosynary character in the proposed dining-rooms. Unless they fairly and fully maintain themselves, they had better not exist. We look with the same suspicion to which Mr. Davenport Bromley has given expression on the proposed donors of ten and twenty pounds; and we look with more than suspicion on the lady committee-women. We want no more dilettantism in charity. These dining-rooms are not for paupers, nor for the *vilia corpora* on which district visitors delight to expend their small talk and tracts, but for sturdy, independent, self-respecting artisans and workmen. They are intended for men who are no more objects of charity than the members of clubs or members of Parliament. They want neither the periodical inspection of amateur philanthropists, nor the visits of dainty dames, who order the carriage to look in on the costermongers at feeding time, as they do on the lions in the Regent's Park; but they must, to succeed, be entrusted to plain, sensible, active men, who shall earn their livelihood out of the profits of the eating-house trade. If there is any romance or sentiment about them, they will fail, and they ought to fail. To be orderly, clean, and cheap are the sole attractions they require, and the less "the gentlefolks" interfere with them the better. We

have but one distinct fault to find with their programme. They prohibit, not only strong waters, but beer; and as we understand the Glasgow rules, they allow not only no beer to be sold, but forbid it even to be consumed on the premises. A diner may not even take his own pot of beer into the eating-house. Regulations might easily be made which would keep the consumption or even the sale of malt liquor within all proper bounds; but the class whose improvement and comfort these institutions attempt to provide for are a beer-drinking class. The pint of dinner beer is a necessity of life to a London artisan, and the institution with which the working man's dining-room competes is the dirty, demoralizing, and health-destroying public-house. Good eating, as the proverb says, requires good drinking. Wholesome food will be twice as wholesome if it is flanked by wholesome beer. A whole host of testimonies is produced to the appreciation which is extended by the working man to those clubs in which tobacco is permitted; and we trust that no fanaticism will be allowed, if these dining-rooms are to exist, to banish a regulated admission of beer, and of beer only, into them.

THE MIDDLE LEVEL DELUGE CASE.

A TRIAL has taken place within the last few days at Norwich which revives the memory of that remarkable event, the Middle Level Deluge. The trial has substantially resulted in a verdict against the Commissioners of the Middle Level Drainage; and if this verdict should be sustained, the question as to the right of the sufferers by the deluge to compensation out of the funds disposable by the Commissioners will be decided in favour of the claimants. The conclusion at which the jury have arrived agrees with the popular impression at the time when the daily progress of this inundation was watched with anxiety by the whole of England. After nearly four days' hearing of evidence and counsels' speeches, the judge stated four questions for the consideration of the jury. The first was, whether the Commissioners had exercised due care and skill in making the sluice by which the water brought down by the Middle Level Drain was discharged into the river Ouse? This sluice was completed about sixteen years ago, under the direction of Mr. James Walker, the late eminent engineer, and many competent observers considered it not only sufficient for its purpose, but a model for other works of the same kind. Upon the first question, therefore, the jury could have little difficulty in finding a verdict for the defendants. The next two questions referred to the degree of care and skill exercised by the Commissioners in maintaining the sluice previously to the accident, and in providing against mischief after it had given way. In spite of some strong evidence in their favour, the Commissioners did not succeed in changing the opinion which gained currency at the time of the accident, that they had shown a want of foresight and energy in dealing with it. Upon these two questions, therefore, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. The fourth question related to the sufficiency of the puddled-clay walls of the banks of the Middle Level Drain. The sluice having been destroyed, the tidal water flowed up the drain, bringing an extraordinary pressure upon its banks. A weak part of one of the banks gave way under this severe trial, and the tide, rushing through the breach, flooded upwards of 6,000 acres of the district called Marshland, destroying crops, and seriously injuring the fertility of the soil. Upon this question also the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

In justification of their conduct before and after the bursting of the sluice, the Commissioners relied chiefly on the evidence of their resident engineer, Mr. Lunn, and of Mr. Hawkshaw. The first warning of danger to the sluice was given on the 21st March, 1862. On that day a settlement of earth in the back of one of the sea wings of the sluice took place. There had been a similar settlement of earth near the opposite wing, about four years previously; but the hole formed by that settlement had been filled up with puddled clay, and no evil consequence had been perceived from it. Mr. Lunn directed the hole which appeared in March last to be filled up in the same way, "because that was the only course he could devise." Two days after the hole appeared, Mr. Hawkesley, an engineer who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Lunn visited the spot together. Mr. Lunn said in his evidence, "We looked at it, and saw the effect of what had been done, which appeared to me to be complete." Mr. Hawkesley did not suggest anything else, and Mr. Lunn went away without any apprehension of serious consequences. He did not visit the place again till Sunday, the 27th April, when he was informed that the backing of the wing wall had given way again. He applied puddled clay, but without effect. On Wednesday, the 30th April, he had an idea "that the water was somehow or other finding its way through the bank round the abutment." Next day he went up to London, and on Friday he saw Mr. Walker, the engineer who built the sluice, and his partner Mr. Burgess. He told them there was something he did not understand, and he asked to see the drawings of the sluice. After looking at them, he appears to have become more alive to the danger; and Mr. Burgess also expressed great anxiety. But the only advice given to Mr. Lunn was to continue puddling, and to extend the sheet-piling which protected the sluice. Mr. Lunn returned from London on Friday night; and during Saturday he persevered in trying to fill the increasing hole in the bank, but with only imperfect and transitory success. When he first saw the hole on the morning of Sunday the 4th May, he had no hope whatever of effectually stopping it; and in the evening the sluice gave way. The Middle Level Drain was now open to the tide,

and in order to distribute the pressure of the entering flood, the sluice next above the ruined sluice was opened, and thus the tide flowed up the drain for twenty-seven miles. The first attempt to build a dam was made by Mr. Lunn immediately after the fall of the sluice. He stated that no timber was readily available, and so he attempted to check the rush of the tide with earth, which proved quite useless. On the day after the fall of the sluice, viz. on the 5th of May, Mr. Hawkshaw was instructed by the Commissioners to do whatever he might deem necessary, without regard to expense. He determined to send down a contractor accustomed to large operations. Mr. Leather, the contractor for various important Government works, was instructed to collect timber, engines for driving piles, and a competent staff, and to go down as quickly as possible to the scene of action. While these preparations were being made, however, the bank of the drain had given way, the sea was pouring through the breach, and it was impossible to say how far the deluge might extend. Mr. Hawkshaw approved the attempt to build a dam of earth, but, apprehending it might not stand, he at the same time gave directions for a pile dam. The first piles were driven at St. Mary's Bridge, which afforded facilities for the structure. Before this work had got very far, the piles and the bridge also were swept away by some barges employed in building the earthen dam which were torn from their moorings by the tide, and dashed violently against the piles and bridge. After this first attempt to build a pile dam, and more than one attempt to build a dam of earth, had failed, Mr. Hawkshaw determined to go about his work deliberately, and to execute it solidly and completely, leaving the tidal water in the meantime to do its worst within the limits which the natural and artificial features of the country promised to oppose to its incursions. The early attempts to build a dam failed through haste and insufficiency of means, but when once an adequate force of men and material had been mustered under competent direction, the establishment of a sufficient barrier against the tide was certain to be effected within a moderate time. Mr. Hawkshaw's dam was not composed of piles alone, but of double piles placed at intervals, with panels held between the pairs of piles. These panels, when all was ready, were dropped down to the bed of the drain simultaneously, so that the flow of water was arrested all at once, instead of having its channel gradually narrowed, as would have been done if the dam had been built of piles exclusively. When Mr. Hawkshaw's dam was completed, and its solidity had been properly tested by the pressure of high tides, he provided for the discharge of the drainage-water by placing siphons upon the dam. These siphons have answered so well up to the present time that the difficult and expensive operation of building another sluice seems likely to be indefinitely postponed. After Mr. Hawkshaw got fairly to work the Commissioners ceased to be liable to imputations of want of care, skill, or diligence. He said that, in his judgment, everything that human exertion could do to prevent the development of this catastrophe was done. He did not think that anything better could have been devised, nor any shorter time taken in setting to work to remedy the mischief. But although the Commissioners may have been faultless after the 4th of May, it is difficult to exonerate them from the charge of negligence before that date. Mr. Lunn himself, if he had had before him the drawings of the sluice, which were kept in Mr. Walker's office, would have apprehended danger sooner and more forcibly than he did; and it is possible that an engineer of greater skill and experience than Mr. Lunn would have taken alarm on merely seeing the hole in the bank close to the sluice, which Mr. Lunn proceeded for some time to puddle, with undisturbed serenity of mind. Of course, if it could have been foreseen, or probably conjectured, a month beforehand that the sluice would be undermined and blown up when the tides were at their highest, the Commissioners might have commissioned Mr. Hawkshaw to build, without delay and regardless of expense, a substantial dam behind the sluice. Then, when the sluice gave way the dam would have thrown back the tide, the bank of the drain would never have been breached, and the Marshland farms would not have been desolated through the imperfection of the Middle Level Drainage works, or the neglect or unskillfulness of the Commissioners.

Upon the fourth question, which related to the sufficiency of the puddle-walls along the banks of the drain, there was a considerable conflict of evidence, but upon this question also the jury arrived at a conclusion favourable to the plaintiff. It is obvious that the banks may have been so puddled and otherwise constructed as to suffice for their ordinary duty of confining the land-water brought down the drain, and yet may have been inadequate to resist the greater pressure of the tidal water, rushing up the drain with velocity which a witness stated at $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. There was some evidence that the banks were not strong enough for their ordinary duty, and probably the jury believed this evidence. Even if the banks were capable of bearing ordinary pressure, it was the duty of the Commissioners to take care that no extraordinary pressure came upon them—or, in other words, it was their duty to maintain the sluice at the mouth of the drain, and, on the first signs of its giving way, to have built a dam behind it. Without entering into the dispute among the scientific witnesses, as to the number of days necessary to build a dam, it may be remarked that such a work would have been very much easier in the ordinary still water of the drain than it was found to be in the swift current which rushed along it after the sluice had fallen. It is

not unlikely that a dam of earth and brushwood, if built at leisure before the tidal water entered the drain, would have stood as well as the more elaborate and costly structure which Mr. Hawkshaw erected after all the mischief had been done.

On the whole, it may be concluded that the Commissioners showed themselves deficient in foresight and energy. By failing to undertake a moderate outlay at the proper moment, they have incurred heavy expense themselves, and have inflicted enormous losses upon others. Considering that Marshland is drained independently of the Middle Level works, and that the farmers of that district were in no way benefited by the cut which the Commissioners made across it, the verdict of the jury in the recent trial will probably have been received with general approval. But, of course, there are points of law reserved for the consideration of the Court, and these points must be determined in the plaintiff's favour before the liability of the Commissioners to make compensation will be established.

SHOPKEEPERS.

NAPOLÉON, wishing to stigmatise the British people, saluted us as *la nation boutiquière*; and, after our fashion, we appropriated what was meant to be offensive, as a complimentary description. But it may be doubted whether we accepted the term in its real meaning. We are justly proud of our mercantile and commercial successes; but the shopkeeping character is another matter. A merchant is a tradesman, and has large commercial virtues; a tradesman is not a merchant, and need have no commercial virtues at all. It would be unfair to generalize about retail dealers, or to pronounce with Pope of every shopkeeper, that he is, by the necessity of his calling—

. a tradesman mean and much a liar—
but it might be expected that the growth of the larger and generous faculties would be subject to serious hindrances and checks from the necessities of retail trade. What is made up of small peddling transactions and infinitely little profits, tends to dwarf the mind and to contract the larger sense of responsibility. Small profits and quick returns, which are the axioms of retail trade, do not offer a good field for the cultivation of the higher ethical virtues. The opportunities, we will not say to cheat, but to stretch to its snapping point the elastic capacity of the commercial conscience, are so infinitely and constantly presented in the multitudinous transactions of a retail shop, that a man must be very virtuous to resist them. When general profits only consist in an aggregate arising from a thousand little dealings, the temptation to dishonesty is strong. That many tradesmen resist these temptations it would be ungenerous and unfair to deny; but that many do not, we fear that it is no breach of charity to contend. It is, of course, quite possible to be a match for all the shopkeeper's arts. But then life must be given up to an endless contest with the tricks of the retail trade. And as it is with London tradesmen that we are most concerned, most people think that it is better to purchase a quiet life at a certain percentage of peculation and small dishonesty, than to waste time and temper in a ceaseless verification of weights and measures, and a constant pursuit of commodities at the lowest market price. No doubt if every householder went to market every day with his money in his hand, and tested the weight of every loaf and every leg of mutton, or the quality and price of every yard of silk upon a comparison with the wares of every competing tradesman within a circle of three miles, his household book would reveal the benefit of this practice. But is life worth this hard service? Is it not—

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas?

It is easy to say, Have no bills, and pay ready money for every article of daily consumption. But this is, as a fact, unattainable as modern society and habits are constituted. Nobody except in the lower ranks of life can shoulder the daily market basket. Bills and tradesmen's weekly books are a necessity even of middle class life in London; and they are the prolific source of dishonesty. It becomes a serious social question whether, as at present conducted, the retail trade of London does not just as much, by the carelessness and apathy of the buyer, as by the sharp practice of the shopkeeper, present undue facilities to fraud. It is a very fine and noble thing for the customer to repose implicit confidence in the fair dealing of the shopkeeper. But this generosity is generally only a veil for idleness and carelessness. It is not fair even to the tradesman to assume his absolute and unassailable virtue; and we all know that it is wrong to place any man in circumstances of almost irresistible temptation.

It is said, and said so generally, that an understanding is established between tradesmen and servants, that, apart from the proofs of the fact which our police-courts now and then present, we can hardly doubt it. If it so happens—and our readers' experience will bear us out as to the result—that we ever do summon courage to test the butcher's weights, or the number of the loaves in the baker's bill (to say nothing of their weight), or to compare the tariff of prices which the grocer books to us with the prices he charges across the counter, the experiment is never repeated. We all see at once that we are cheated, and seeing that there is no remedy for it but the market basket, and our own daily visit to every shopkeeper we employ, we must at once resign ourselves to an inevitable fate. It costs less to assume a certain—or rather, more frequently, a very uncertain—percentage of unnecessary expenditure, than to fight expenditure down by a series of daily duels with the retail tradesman.

But there are certain things which every householder can do, and which in the general interests of society he is bound to do. The very wealthiest master of a family ought at least once a year to gird himself up, and to verify and check one week's or even one day's consumption. It does not cost much time or trouble for any housekeeper to test in price, weight, and measure a single week's entries in the tradesman's books. If there is an excess, it must be accounted for; and whether it is to be attributed to an understanding between the housekeeper and the butcher, or to the butcher's deficient powers in arithmetic, nobody ought to doubt about the remedy. To hesitate about seeking another shop is to be wanting in our duty to society. If it is once known that it is the rule with every customer to transfer his account at the very first detection of any "little error" in the book, we should have at least greater attention paid to the laws of simple addition. When it is a man's interest to be honest, society has given the strongest safeguard, if not the highest motive, to the shopkeeper's honesty. Especially is this rule to be observed with yearly bills. Among these there is always a calculable amount of accounts which have been already paid. In the perhaps rare cases where the customer has both a good memory and an available file of receipts, no harm comes of it. The excuse is stereotyped. "It was omitted to be crossed out in our day-book." "A new clerk forgot to make the right entry." We fear that the story of the saddler who by some accident forgot the name of a customer to whom a particular saddle was supplied, and who in utter despair charged it to fifty customers, and actually got paid by forty, if an exaggeration, only points to some confusion of morals in the tradesman mind which is not so uncommon as to be altogether exceptional. Here, too, the remedy is easy. Under no possible circumstances ought any tradesman to be employed a second time who sends in a little account already paid. For that he either intends to cheat or does not know how to keep his books, is the dilemma from which he cannot wriggle.

But it is not only among the butchers and bakers that the tone of commercial morality is low. Unless the annals of the Bankruptcy Court deceive us, the whole system of business, at least with certain tradesmen, is conducted on very questionable principles. The system of credit given by London tradesmen is, at least in certain quarters, one of unmitigated fraud. To mere quiet people who pay their way as they can on incomes of 1,000*l.* or 1,200*l.* a year, and this with difficulty, much that goes on at the West End seems totally incredible. Trade seems to be conducted on one simple principle—"Those who do pay, pay for those who don't." And in the case of those who don't pay, and never meant to pay, there are the most amicable relations between tradesman and customer. When the inevitable day comes, and Howard Conway De Vere Mortimer appears in Basinghall Street for the modest sum of 16,000*l.*, distributed among countless jewellers, tailors, wine-merchants, and hosiers, not one of his considerate tradesmen opposes so sumptuous and superb a customer. They set off the loss against the accounts of the barrister, and doctor, and parson, who happen to have names less aristocratic, but the odour and pecuniary chastity of which it is more important to preserve. And it is a matter of the commonest sense that the one must pay for the other; the profits on the honest customer must be complementary of the losses on the dishonest one. Were it not so, universal bankruptcy must be the result. And, which is alarming enough, certain trades—we should rather say certain tradesmen—seem to lay themselves out for this particular class of business, and unless the proceedings in bankruptcy mislead us, jewellers and tailors more especially conduct their business on these principles. At the universities it is, or a few years ago it was, the rule of the place for tradesmen to be solicitous about orders only, and a shopkeeper felt himself rather wronged by an undergraduate paying a bill. In London much of the same thing seems to be going on. A valuable parcel of jewellery is left in the hall, with the card of some well-known firm, with a note to the lady that terms of payment will be made easy. Or a genteel swindler walks into one of those gorgeous shops which plain folks would no more think of entering than they would of paying a morning visit at Windsor Castle, and after giving an aristocratic name, and producing a letter from a Duke, or a promise of marriage from a millionnaire's daughter, immediately receives unlimited credit for a suite of emeralds, or a sumptuous chandelier, a dressing-case of imitable luxury, or a grand pianoforte; all which commodities at once go to the pawn-broker's. Or take the case of a young spendthrift, whose transactions with a fashionable jeweller are reckoned by thousands, and whose tailors' accounts, certainly not for clothes, are in the more modest sense of many hundreds only. Here the Commissioner in Bankruptcy, in mild language, will sometimes show that the whole blame did not attach to the bankrupt. The misrepresentation and fraud were not on his side. What was on the other side was dangling expensive jewellery before a minor's eyes, and supplying an extravagant wardrobe, and lending money, to a young gentleman with expectations, which, whether they were substantial or illusory, never seem to have entered into the speculative tradesman's calculations. If, as Commissioner Holroyd remarked in a recent case, a bankrupt's means—or lack of them—are well known to his creditors, and if creditors take the risk of payment under such circumstances, they have only themselves to blame. It is a blame, however, in which society has its share. Business conducted on these principles must be dishonest. Excessive profits from legitimate customers

must be made to balance these speculative transactions with the illegitimate ones. The equilibrium must be kept up anyhow; and if the feeling becomes general that these are the principles on which London tradesmen generally, or even frequently, conduct business, they must not be surprised if the name of tradesman begins to stink in the customer's nostrils.

REVIEWS.

THE RIVAL RACES.*

EUGÈNE SUE, at the time of his death, was engaged in the publication of a gigantic romance. He had got as far as the nineteenth volume when the composition was interrupted by the stroke of fate, and his work remains only as a fragment. It has now been translated into English and greatly condensed. Its name, *Les Mystères du Peuple*, which is enough to frighten any decent quiet English family, has been exchanged for one more descriptive of the contents, and at the same time perfectly innocent. No one can object to *The Rival Races*. The parts in which the French author had given the reins to his French fancy have been cut out or reduced within the limits of English propriety, and, as the translator says in his preface, "it has been attempted everywhere, by condensation, to render the scenes more dramatic and forcible." We should have guessed that such an attempt would end in total failure. A long rambling novel by Eugène Sue, with consecutive scenes laid often a couple of centuries apart, and intended to illustrate a democratic crotchet, continued through nineteen volumes and still left without any end, does not sound promising. And when we are told that this strange work has been cut and pruned so as not to offend English taste, and has been condensed throughout by a foreigner to make it more dramatic and forcible, we conceive ourselves to have a dreary prospect before us. Guessing, however, even on grounds so strong, turns out in this case to be thoroughly mistaken. Presented in this English form, *The Rival Races* is a book full of interest and spirit, original and new in a wonderful degree, and marked by a power of delineating the past which is the property of genius alone. It is a book in every way worth reading. It has in a very large measure those qualities which the French have taught themselves to prize most in history. It brings before us the scenes through the medium of which the historian pictures to himself his history. It fills the annals of ancient times with people such as we might fancy to have lived. It crowds into a small space the interest of all that the historian chooses to look on as most peculiar and eventful in the ages of which he writes. It evolves an ingenious but fanciful hypothesis conveyed through a series of brilliant stirring sketches, and this is exactly what many Frenchmen think is the ideal aim of history. As a composition, too, it is full of merit. No writer could set himself a much more difficult task than that of having to awaken interest by a series of small plots, forming parts of a general scheme definite enough to produce monotony and not definite enough to give coherence. The task, however, has been successfully accomplished in *The Rival Races*.

The general groundwork of the story is the separation of the races of the Gauls and the Franks. This was the one sufficient key to French history in the eyes of Eugène Sue, and of the historians from whom he borrowed it. That the French aristocracy were rapacious aliens, helped in their dark designs by cruel plotting priests—and that for nearly two thousand years the noble, patient, innocent Gauls were oppressed, first by their Roman and then by their German conquerors, until at last they avenged themselves by the French Revolution—is the historical fancy which is supposed to give a special sanction and glory to the uprising of the French democracy. Eugène Sue laid hold of this theory, and added to it two astonishing assumptions. It occurred to him, in the first place, to imagine that the French democrats have all along been conscious of this rivalry of race, and that the thirst for vengeance has burnt vividly in every succeeding generation of the conquered people. In the second place, it seemed to him reasonable to suppose that the French people has never really changed its old true pure faith, and that it still secretly cherishes the holy and elevating tenets of Druidism. The God Hesus appears to be the deity whom the initiated of the French democracy have never ceased to worship. With a kindly feeling for the Author of Christianity they combine a thorough and merited detestation of the wicked priests who, in the interest of tyrants, have propagated as the essence of the Christian religion the doctrine that the more men suffer here the more they will be rewarded hereafter, and that therefore patience under oppression is the first of virtues. The descendants of the Gauls know better than this, and see the necessity and the sweetness of insurrection. The Mystery of the People which Eugène Sue devoted himself to reveal was this sweet, noble longing for a rising against their ancient tyrants, their unquenchable hatred of the Franks, and their passionate adhesion to the worship of Hesus. Wild as all this is, it is evident that Eugène Sue really believed that it embodied a profound truth, and it is the impression he gives of an earnest respect for his own creation that lends an unexpected interest to all the author sets before us. He gives us a fiction, but it is a fiction which is designed to put in a popular shape what he sincerely thinks a great and fertile truth. Many English

* *The Rival Races; or, The Sons of Joel.* A Legendary Romance. By Eugène Sue. London: Trübner & Co. 1861.

readers will be reminded, as they read the book, of the political novels of Mr. Disraeli. In fact, the theory of *Sybil* is very much like the theory of *The Rival Races*, and approaches about as near to historical truth. But we know that Mr. Disraeli was the first to laugh at the illusions he sought to create, and that his rival races were nothing more than the machinery of a literary novelty. Eugène Sue writes with much more sincerity of belief. He is unfolding to his countrymen a great political fact, and thus the several parts of this strange rambling book have the charm which always attaches to the expression of a feeling that is deep and genuine. Few works could exemplify more curiously the difference between English and French democracy, and *The Rival Races* may fairly claim to be among the best illustrations of a peculiar type of French thought which English readers could readily find.

The book opens with a scene laid at the epoch of the Revolution of 1848, and then goes straight back to B.C. 56. The artistic effect produced warrants this bold demand on the reader's imagination. By uniting at the very outset the two extremes of the historical series, the author impresses on us from the outset the notion that, since the first day when it felt the grasp of the conqueror, Gaul has ever been the same, with the same qualities, and passions, and aspirations. The modern part also serves very well to introduce us to the particular kind of marvels to which we are to grow accustomed as the story goes on. When we find that M. Lebrenn, a humble linendraper of the Rue St. Denis, is really Brennus, and a chief of Karnak in Brittany—when he disarms, in the February Revolution, a French nobleman, and tells him that so long ago as the fourth century their respective ancestors had fought and hated each other—and when, finally, M. Lebrenn takes the junior members of his family into a secret chamber and shows them the original archives in which for forty generations his ancestors have chronicled their story—we know the kind of thing we have henceforth to expect. We are not surprised that the ancestor of such man should have been the great Joel whose saintly daughter Hena offered herself as a living victim to the good and great Jesus on the eve of the Roman conquest. The sad story of this Druidical saint, and of the other efforts, scarcely less heroic, by which the family of Joel endeavoured to baffle Cesar, forms the beginning of the long narrative which, if it had been continued, would have brought down the secret history of Gaul to its other extremity in the Revolution of 1848. Unfortunately, when Eugène Sue had got as far as the Crusades and the nineteenth volume of his work, death put an end to the undertaking. In spite of the great powers of the novelist, the narrative begins to get a little wearisome before it closes. We can, therefore, scarcely wish that there had been forty volumes instead of nineteen. But still, we should have liked to see the secret history of the Revolution of 1789, and to know whether Robespierre's Supreme Being was really Jesus, and the Goddess of Reason the sainted Hena of the isle of Sen, whom all patriotic Parisian linendrapers love and adore in their inmost hearts.

That portion of the work which remains for us to read may be roughly divided into two parts. There is one series of stories explanatory of the relations of the Gauls to Rome, and another commemorative of the treatment they received from the Franks. The Romans are painted, first, as the Gauls found them when they were masters of the world, and brought with them strange vices and the novel yoke of slavery, and then as they were in the days of the decline of Roman power, when they had to cajole the poor Gauls and use the pestilent priests and bishops to mislead them. After the Frank conquest, there are pictures of savage counts, and covetous bishops with sham miracles, and warlike abbesses, and at last of the Arabs, and Charlemagne and his daughters, and the Crusaders. The author appears to have taken great pains to get up all these widely different periods; and he possessed, in a very unusual degree, the art of giving the results of elaborate but accidental research without pedantry. The story, for example, which represents provincial life in Gaul soon after the death of Cesar contains many sketches of the treatment of slaves, of gladiators, of the arts of Roman beauties, of architectural details, and of the manners of Roman noblemen and of rich Romanized provincials, which all imply a considerable acquaintance with Roman antiquities; and yet the story flows on naturally, and we never feel that it has been interrupted to bring in a page out of a dictionary. The broad features of the period when the Frank conquerors were being gradually consolidated into a feudal hierarchy are also given with spirit and ease. Of course it is not history. These angelic Gauls, who scorn to lie, who disdain slavery, who see all that is good in Christianity, and reject all that was erroneous in the mediæval belief, are mere creatures of a romance-writer's fancy. The pictures, too, of mediæval society, if not too black as representing the worse side of that society, are ludicrously unjust as representing the whole. But still there is genuine historical power in the way in which the past is dealt with, and it would be difficult to mention any book in which the element of gloomy romance pervading so much of mediæval life is better brought out. These are not slight merits, and they may fairly be set against the many startling faults and glaring improbabilities with which the book abounds.

HORACE'S ODES.*

THE difficulty of rendering an ancient author into the language of our own time is far greater than that which attends translation from one modern tongue into another. For not

* *The Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace*. Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell & Daldy. 1863.

only must the pure and perfect idioms of the antique be exchanged for phrases and modes of expression which are, for the most part, confused and degenerate offshoots from the ancient language, but it is also necessary to convey to modern imaginations the thoughts and feelings of a society widely different from our own by the means of words designed for other uses, and often suggestive of familiar associations. These remarks apply with greater force to poetry than to prose, because in every work of art the form is equally important with the thought which it contains; and, therefore, the very best translation of a classical poet implies a double compromise—on the one hand, between ancient and modern language; on the other, between ancient and modern sentiment. This compromise may be effected, generally speaking, in one of two ways—either by neglecting the form of the original, and producing a work which shall contain the spirit of the old poem in a new and individual embodiment; or else by abandoning all attempt at modern elegance, and remaining content with a faithful representation of the text. We need hardly remark that excellence in the former method can only be attained by a Dryden or a Pope, while servile adherence to the latter suits no higher artist than a schoolboy. Therefore, to strike the happy medium is the aim of all ordinary translators; and this Professor Conington, in his rendering of the Odes of Horace, has accomplished, with the elegance of one who possesses full command over the English language, as well as with the taste and ability of a refined and learned Latin scholar. Leaving, as he hints in his preface, the bolder style of translation to poets of original genius, he attempts to produce a careful copy of his author in a form sufficiently modern to interest the ordinary reader, and yet so closely modelled upon the original as to recall the peculiar style of Horace to the minds of classical students.

One of the first questions which a translator must determine is the choice of his metres, and to this subject Mr. Conington has devoted a large part of his preface. After remarking how much of Horace's characteristic brevity is due to his peculiar style of versification, he discusses the possibility of obtaining English metres similar to those which Horace uses, and pliable enough to suit the various trains of thought which their Latin parallels embody. Here, as in every other process of translation, some compromise is needed. The Hexameter warfare which has been of late so fiercely waged, and which still remains as undetermined as when our Elizabethan ancestors engaged in it, sufficiently proves that the metre of the Greek and Roman Epic cannot yet be naturalized in English. Nor can the specimen of an Alcaic stanza quoted from Clough by Mr. Conington encourage any attempt to transplant that quatrain into our literature. To obtain the dactyls which are so necessary in the first two lines of this stanza, Mr. Clough has adopted the trick of lengthening the words "cares" and "holds" into "careth" and "holdeh," which is an affection that would be unpardonably tedious, as well as wholly opposed to the spirit of our language in its present state, if constantly recurring in the exigency of translation. Nor has the "needy knifegrinder" jingle of the English Sapphic anything to recommend it. We feel that, as our language contains many distinct elements, some of which but faintly remind us of the Latin, though all are fused into one vigorous and varied idiosyncrasy, so our metres must have their own character, and not endeavour closely to ape the rhythms of a language different from our own, though in their own sphere they may possess those qualities which we admire and wish to imitate in the antique. Therefore, Mr. Conington, for the most part, has wisely abstained from using any but iambic and trochaic measures, depending upon the length of his lines and his use of words to give the rapidity of the Sapphic, the measured flow of the Alcaic, or the stately march of the long Asclepiad. For the Alcaic he has adopted the common octosyllabic quatrain, which, from its adaptability to every subject, may not improperly represent the metre used alike by Horace for triumphs, dirges, love and wine, and moralizing upon fate. The same stanza, with the substitution of a quadrissyllabic line in the fourth place, he has devoted to the Sapphic. This metre is not quite so happy in its effect. It seems to clip the original, and moves with rather too much of a jerk to suit the fluent mazes of the *Carmen Seculare*. Two odes of this description Mr. Conington translates with double rhymes in the 2nd and 4th place, but though these add to the flow of the verses, the difficulties with which they beset the translator are such as to render their adoption undesirable. It is better to sacrifice the form than to spoil the sense, and load the language with awkward words or jingling participles. Tennyson's stanza of the *Dream of Fair Women* is used by Mr. Conington with great effect. Perhaps *Pastor cum traheret* and the celebrated *Quis desiderio* might be selected for especial praise. The fluency and freedom of their language make them charming as English poems, while their expression is so accurate as to reproduce the most delicate shades of the original. The metres used to represent the less common Horatian rhythms are so fully discussed by Mr. Conington in his preface that we need not now allude to them. One specimen, however, of skilful adaptation we cannot refrain from quoting in full. It is the measure of alternate fourteen and ten-syllable iambics with which the fourth ode of the First Book is rendered:—

Soluitur acris hiems.

The touch of Zephyr and Spring has loosen'd Winter's thrall,
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea :
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for their stall,
And frost no more is whitening all the lea.

Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon overhead ;
 The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit,
 With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan, fiery red,
 Heats the Cyclopean forge in Aetna's pit.
 'Tis now the time to wreath the brow with branch of myrtle green,
 Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze ;
 Now Fauns claims his sacrifice among the shady treeen,
 Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please.
 Pale Death, impartial, walks his round ; he knocks at cottage-gate
 And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss !
 How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short his being's date ?
 Lo here ! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,
 The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e'er you go,
 No more for you shall leap the auspicious die
 To seat you on the throne of wine ; no more your breast shall glow
 For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

There is in the beginning of this poem, if we mistake not, all the motion and activity which Horace connected with returning spring. The quick onward flow of the metre, ever beginning afresh and interlacing its periods like the dance of Cytherea and her nymphs, reminds us of streams released and men returning to the labours which winter had suspended. But in the middle of the poem this swift motion ceases. By carefully breaking up the lines as Horace has broken them — by pausing and lingering with less fluent words — the translator marks that shadow of sadness and inevitable death which the poet loves to throw upon the fairest scenes of nature. With this Ode we naturally compare the seventh of the fourth Book, in which Mr. Conington has marked the same transition from cheerful rapidity to pensive slowness by what musicians would call an artistic *rallentando*.

In speaking of metres, we have indicated one clear superiority of Mr. Conington over most of his fellow translators. He does not, like Mr. Newman, evade the difficulty of rhyme by devising teeth-breaking rhythms which no occasional felicities of rendering can pardon. He does not force all Odes alike into slipshod octosyllabics with old Wrangham, or allow them to adjust themselves to any chance attire like the feeble Lord Ravensworth. Facing the difficulties of the Horatian metres, and deliberately weighing the cost of compromise, he has succeeded in communicating a variety and individuality to his translation which reminds us of the original without irritating our English sensibilities. The same rule has been followed by Mr. Conington in his choice of language. He tells us that he avoided the *In Memoriam* stanza because it could not well be handled without some Tennysonian colouring, and for the same reason he avoids all expressions that distinctly savour of the present age. Perhaps our literature of the last century had something Horatian in its tone. Epigrams and courtly dedications, artificial love songs and reflections upon change and chance, were then in vogue. Anyhow, Mr. Conington has chosen the phraseology of that period as giving the proper tone to his version and freeing it from ephemeral associations. We think he is right to avoid the involutions and affectations of the present fashion — to translate for example, *Lenesque sub noctem susurri* by "The whispered talk at sunset held," instead of by "the sunset talk in whispers held," as a more obedient slave to the Spirit of the Age would no doubt have written it, and to make a plentiful use of such love phrases as "the fair," and "flame," and "coy." But we occasionally stumble upon an archaic word like "spilth" or "childly," which makes us pause and consider whether we have met with it before, and decide that at any rate Horace would not have used a word so near the age of Ennius.

If our space would permit us to descend more into particulars, we might show how Mr. Conington has often succeeded in rendering the epigrammatic terseness of Horace's proverbial expressions. This was, perhaps, the chief difficulty of his task; for to give an adequate substitute in English for what the world has been quoting in Latin for eighteen centuries might well stand for a thirteenth labour of Hercules. The last stanza of the celebrated ode to Delliū may be taken as a specimen : —

One way all travel ; the dark urn
 Makes each man's lot, that soon or late
 Will force him, hopeless of return,
 On board the exile ship of Fate.

Each word has here its place, and, perhaps, we lose nothing but the force of *cogimur*. Yet, occasionally, some part of the original is evaporated in the attempt to represent it by the substitution of one proverb for another. Thus *nihil est ab omni Parte beatum* becomes *no suns on earth unclouded glitter*. In the same ode to Grosphus, the exigency of metre seems to have caused the omission of *Parca non mendax*, which contains in itself an epitome of the Horatian philosophy. As a further instance of accurate representation, might be cited the two last stanzas of the well-known episode of Regulus : —

Well witting what the torturer's art
 Designed him, with like unconcern
 He pushed the press of friends apart
 And crowds encumbering his return,
 As though, some tedious business o'er
 Of clients' court, his journey lay
 Towards Venafrum's grassy door,
 Or Sparta-built Tarentum's bay.

But the true excellence of Mr. Conington's translation can only be estimated by comparing it with others. To do this at length will be impossible. We must content ourselves with taking a line or two of his at random, and selecting the parallel passages from some of those numerous translations which of late have been poured upon the world. In the 15th ode of the 1st book Mr. Conington renders *jam galeam Pallas et agida curruque et rabiem*

parat thus simply : — See Pallas trims her agis and her helm, her chariot and her ire. This is an instance of his determination to extract from the original everything which it contains, and to reproduce each thought as far as possible in the order of Horace's words. Lord Ravensworth expands the lines, but sacrifices half that they contain : —

Indignant Pallas o'er the field,
 Rattles her sounding car, and shakes her blazing shield.

Mr. Newman can produce nothing more elegant, notwithstanding the undress of his translation, than this : —

— lo, Pallas—car and helmet,
 Pallas—agis and ire equips.

Mr. Theodore Martin is graceful, but redundant : —

See Pallas preparing her agis and helm,
 Her chariot, and all the fierce frenzy of fight !

To contrast the respective merits of Professor Comington and Mr. Theodore Martin would occupy more space than we have at our disposal. But we may observe, that while the brilliancy of the latter is sometimes marred by errors of taste, this fault can never be charged against the simpler and more sober version of the former. Mr. Comington can be sprightly when the satirical or amatory nature of the Ode requires it; but he also knows how to assume the graver style of Horace's triumphal poems, and to mark by delicate transitions (as at the end of *Europa's story*) the passage from playful banter to the epic earnestness. Mr. Martin, however, with a tendency to forget the serious side of Horace, is, in his own department, admirable. There is a facility combined with terseness, a flow of spirits and exuberance of fancy, about his translation of some odes, which we miss in the more sedate manner of Professor Comington. The excellence of the latter is to be found in the equality of his work. He never sinks below himself; he never misunderstands the sentiment of Horace; he never degenerates into coarseness or monotony. Easy, springing, and various throughout, he seems to feel the spirit of the Roman, and to introduce him, as he lived, to English gentlemen, with whom he might have shared the burdens of the senate no less than the pleasures of society. Truly Mr. Comington has conferred a great benefit on our literature by naturalizing among us, in an English dress, that Horace whom we long have recognised as a friend beneath his Roman togæ.

It is not here the place to speak of Professor Comington's scholarship. Every one who is acquainted with what he has already done for classical literature will expect to find in this translation a faithful comment on the text of Horace, as well as a graceful exposition of his more general beauties. But before we conclude by recommending it to our readers as the best translation of Horace which has yet appeared, we will transcribe one more ode, which, from the frequency with which, since the days of Milton, it has been rendered into English, as well as from its difficulty, is perhaps the poem most familiar to all lovers of ancient literature : —

Quis multa gracilis.
 What slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,
 Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade ?
 Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom
 Your yellow hair you braid,
 So trim, so simple ! Ah ! how oft shall he
 Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,
 Viewing the rough black sea
 With eyes to tempests strange,
 Who now is basking in your golden smile,
 And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,
 Poor fool, nor knows the guile
 Of the deceitful wind !
 Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud
 Untried ! For me, they show in yonder fane
 My dripping garments, vow'd
 To Him who curbs the main.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THIS volume of Transactions strikes us as being, on the whole, of a higher character than either of those which have lately come before us. Most of the papers are still of the same tentative kind as the others, but their average interest is greater, and to one of them is attached the name of a greater contributor than any that we have yet seen in the series. Many of the old subjects are continued. Mr. Ernest Adams supplies a paper on the caterpillar and the cankerworm and the palmer-worm, which reads like a commentary on the book of Joel. But who will not be puzzled to hear that wood-louse are still, in some parts of Oxfordshire, called *Lockchesters*, and that there is evidence to show that this strange name was once, not only in provincial, but in general use ? That the wood-louse should be called an *Urchin* (i. e. hedgehog) is no more than is natural ; both creatures share the same faculty of rolling themselves up. Nor is it anything very wonderful that a wood-louse should be called a *sow* — there is something swinish about the insect. But what is a *Lockchester* ? Mr. Adams learnedly argues the point, and evolves the forms *logestre*, *lokestre*, *locchetre*, the second element of the word being cognate with the second part of the word *lobster*. It seems, indeed, that the wood-louse is itself in some parts called a *lobster*, and, in the North of England, even a *lobstrous-louse*. But what is the "lock" ? Mr. Adams makes it

* *Transactions of the Philological Society.* 1860-1. Berlin : A. Asher & Co.

mean "sluggish" or "slow." We cannot resist a desperate conjecture of our own. If the pretty lady-bird is so called, as Mr. Adams tells us, from the good goddess Freya [qy. Frigga?], may not the ugly wood-louse bear a name derived from the troublesome demon Loki? Loki is not purely Scandinavian; he gives names to places in the most Saxon parts of England. We should like the Philological Society to entertain the question, whether the two villages of *Loxton* and *Christon*, which are found just on the old frontier of Heathendom and Christendom as it stood in 577, can possibly bear witness in their names to the struggles of the two opposing creeds.

Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood of course contributes several papers, one of which it would be well for philologists carefully to consider, and to accept or refute as their examination of it may lead them to do. This is the one headed, "The Family Relation between the Finnish and Indo-Germanic Languages maintained." When we long ago* reviewed the first volume of Mr. Wedgwood's *Dictionary of English Etymology*, we remarked the large number of Finnish analogies which he cited, and we asked whether these were brought forward as merely incidental likenesses, such as those which Mr. Wedgwood often quotes from all kinds of barbarous languages, or whether he really meant to assert an Aryan affinity for the Finnish tongues. It appears from the present paper that Mr. Wedgwood does mean to claim for the Finnish tongues a closer connexion, both in vocabulary and in grammatical forms, with the Aryan stock, than can be accounted for by any intrusive elements derived from Scandinavian and Slavonian masters. It is clear that, if Mr. Wedgwood can make out his case, he will have established a point of no small moment in the history of European languages. If, therefore, he is wrong, it will be well that he should be shown to be wrong as soon as may be.

Mr. Barham has a rather stiff paper on "Metrical Time," about which we will not presume to dispute, further than to ask on what possible principle Mr. Barham represents the Greek name Πόρτη in English by *Prowteh*. To write Greek names letter for letter, instead of using the Latin forms, is another matter. It is what, save for inveterate habit, everybody would do. But *Prowteh* expresses neither the spelling nor the pronunciation. Πόρτη, letter for letter, is *Prote*, and can be nothing else. Πόρτη is one of those words to which quantity and accent make no difference, and which a Greek and an Englishman sound exactly alike. But *Prowteh*, to say nothing of its ugly look, does not express the sound. Unless the first syllable is to rhyme with *naw*, and the second with *nay*, we cannot see what the *w* and the *h* are for; and if they are so to rhyme, a sound is produced which neither Greek nor Englishman can get out of the letters. Surely *Prowteh* is just an ugly eccentricity, without any object.

Among small points, Dr. Lottner maintains the Norse origin of the modern English plural of the verb substantive, *are*. The case here seems better made out than generally happens with theories of Scandinavian influence, for it is at least proved that it originally belonged to Northern, as opposed to Southern English. But still Dr. Lottner's arguments do not uncontestedly show that it may not be an Anglian, as opposed to a Saxon form. But we will let Dr. Lottner speak for himself:—

The Anglo-Saxon has *sindon*, or (more rarely) *sind*, for all the three persons, while the English has *are*.

The Anglo-Saxon in this particular is in accordance with all the continental Teutons, (comp. Old-Saxon: *sindun* "we, you, they are;" Goth. *sind* "they are" = Ohg. *sint*, Nhg. *sind*). No trace of a form like the English is to be found in any low or high German dialect, not even in the Frisian, which has *sind* too for "we, you, they are."

On the other hand, the peninsular Teutons, or in other words the Scandinavians, have the same formation as the English:—

PLURAL.			SINGULAR.			
1.	2.	3.	1.	2.	3.	
OLDN.	erum	erud	eru	em	ert	er
SWED.	äro	ären	äro	är		
DAN.	ere			er		

This circumstance leads in itself to the conclusion that the English plural *are* must be due to Scandinavian influence, a view which is fully confirmed by a more accurate investigation into the history of that form, and how it gradually gained ground in the English language.

It makes its first appearance in the Northumbrian dialect under the form *earun*. But it lasts a good while before it appears in southern English. Layamon, whose Anglo-Saxon is pretty much disorganized, nevertheless does not yet admit the stranger. His plural present of the verb substantive is either *biad* (*bead*, *beon*), or *sundes* (*sundet*).

In the *Ormulum*—whose author is, as his name testifies, of Norse descent—we still find *sinden*, and only for the third person plural does *arn* several times occur.

At last in Piers Ploughman and in Wycliffe the Old Anglo-Saxon form disappears, both using *arn* or else *ben* (*beth*) throughout the plural.

Dr. Guest, however, we may remark, is less positive as to the Norse origin of the author of the *Ormulum*. Dr. White, on the other hand, looks on his work as full of Scandinavian forms. If so, why does he retain the southern *sinden* at all? The third form, "we be," &c., still in common local use, seems curious, interposed chronologically, as it is, between the prevalent use of *sinden* and of *are*.

Mr. R. F. Weymouth has a paper on the use of "who" in English as a relative, and the way in which this word, originally purely interrogative, has gradually supplanted the older relative *that*. We fancy that most people imagine the usurpation to be the other way. Does Mr. Weymouth remember the two curious

pieces in the *Spectator*, headed "The Humble Petition of *Who* and *Which*," and "The Remonstrance of offended *That*?" But there are some curious questions about *that* itself, into which Mr. Weymouth does not enter. How is it that *that*, strictly only a neuter singular—Old-English *hat*, German *das*—has, even as demonstrative, become of all genders, and, as a relative, has become of both numbers too?

The same writer, in other papers, discusses the Homeric epithets, *βρούμος* and *βραπός*. "Οβρυος" he maintains to express strictly "not strength, but weight in motion, or *impetus*;" while *βραπός* is "heavy, ponderous, but without the accessory idea of motion."

Mr. Danby Fry compares the apparently anomalous ending of the word *Knowledge* with what he holds to be the cognate endings of *Wedlock* and the obsolete *Reaflock* or *Revelock*, *Lillock*, and *Feehtlac*. The older form *Knowlech* gives the intermediate stage between *lac* and *ledge*; while *Wedlock*, which, according to analogy, should also have been softened, seems to have kept the hard form through a notion that it had something to do with *lock*. *Wedlac*, *Wedlaik*, *Wedlok*, *Wedlock*, strictly means a *pledge*—thence, apparently, a marriage-gift, and so marriage itself. *Wifflac*, which more accurately expresses marriage, has dropped out of the language; possibly it may, like some other words, have hovered between the meanings of marriage and fornication. Of this, the two spellings and meanings of the word *queen* and *quean*—originally, like the Danish *kone*, simply *woman*—are the most remarkable example.

Among these smaller papers is a short, but very important one, by no less a person than the Bishop of St. Davids—one which its author seems to have thought too slight for publication, and which the Secretary tells us that he only obtained for the volume by a good deal of begging. But the gleanings of Ephraim is better than the vintage of Abi-exer; one only wishes that we had the vintage of Ephraim in full. Bishop Thirlwall deals with the origin of the name "Welsh." As far as Britain is concerned, there is no doubt about it; the *Wealas*, the *Wyliscy men*, are simply the strangers, the *βάρβαροι*, the men of unintelligible speech, whom the English invaders found in the island. But the question has arisen whether *Wealh*, in the sense of *strange*, is an original Teutonic word, or whether it is not the same word as *Gallus*, which first acquired the general sense of *stranger*, and then, in that sense of *stranger*, was applied by the English to the Cymry. This would be somewhat analogous to the history of the word *Slave*, which got its present meaning from the vast numbers of Slavonian captives sold in all parts of Europe during the early middle ages. If some particular people, whether Slavonic or not, had had the name attached to them as being a conquered race—if it had stuck to them as a national name, and survived as such, while the word *slave*, in the sense of bondsman, became obsolete—we should have an exact parallel to the history of the name *Welsh*, according to this theory. But against this theory Bishop Thirlwall decides; the change of *g* into *w* does not rest upon any sound analogy, and *Wal* or *Wealh* has a distinct meaning of its own, and cognates in other Aryan tongues:—

Wal not only signifies *foreign*, but foreign in a particular sense, with reference to language. In Meidinger's *Dictionnaire comparatif des langues Teuto-Gothiques*, *wal* is interpreted *étranger, incompréhensible*. It is exactly equivalent to *barbarus*: one of a "stammering tongue" (Isaiah xxxiii. 13) *babus*, in which we have both the meaning and the root, as we have most probably both in the Sanskrit name of the indigenous race whom the Aryan invaders overpowered, *Mlechha*, which was applied by them in exactly the same sense. As the Saxons described the Cymry as a people of barbarous (i.e. to them unintelligible) speech, so they themselves, in common with the whole Teutonic race, were known to the Slavonic tribes by a name signifying the *speechless* (Bohemian *němec*, Polish *niemic*). The Anglo-Saxon *wealth-stod*, a *translator, interpreter, explainer*, seems to show that they had not forgotten the most proper original meaning of *wealth*.

But we cannot help demurring to one incidental remark of the Bishop's. "The cases," he says, "of *guard-ward*, *Gwalter-Waller*, belong to an entirely different class. In them there is no substitution, but the initial *g* has been dropped for the facility of pronunciation." Surely the reverse is the case. There is a whole class of words, proper names and others, *Wilhelm*, *Walther*, *Wido*, *war*, *wasp*, natural Teutonic words—sometimes, as in the last case, with Latin cognates—to which the Romance nations, with one consent, prefixed a *g*, apparently finding that ease of pronunciation was thereby increased. In French the *w* got treated much like the initial *s* in words like *stare*. *A g* and *an e* respectively were put on to make them pronounceable, and the *g* and the *e* respectively turned out the *w* and the *s*. *Stare* is now *être*; in *Guillaume*, *Gui*, *guerre*, *guépe*, the only use of the *u* is to harden the *g*, and in *Gautier*, where it is not wanted for that purpose, it is dropped altogether. Both these tendencies are Welsh, as we see by such forms as *Gwatkyn* and *Ystrad*, the former of which is mentioned by the Bishop. Each of the proper names has regularly two Latin forms, *Wilhelmus*, *Walterus*, *Wido*, and *Guillelmus*, *Gualterus*, *Guido*. But the modern form, *Guilielmus*, as far as England or France is concerned, belongs only to the barbarous jargon of coins and of Oxford Proctors—that jargon in which every man named Daniel or Samuel is treated as Mr. W. Hazlitt treated the whole house of the Comneni, being transformed into the feminine *Danielis* and *Samuelis*, just as Mr. Hazlitt talked about Andronicus *Comnenus*!

All these papers, in their various ways, are interesting and often amusing; but the sterling matter of the volume is doubtless to be found in the mediaeval dramas, Cornish and English, edited by Mr. Whitely Stokes, and in his other contributions on Celtic matters. But these appeal only to those profoundly versed in Celtic lore, while everybody decently skilled in English and Greek

can enter into the discussions about the names of the woodlouse and the meaning of *ōþpuor*.

The Society's proposed new English Dictionary naturally occupies a good deal of the attention of its members. There are two papers on it in the present volume—one by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and the other by the late Mr. Herbert Coleridge. We cannot say that we have learned very much from the former, which is written in a rather affected style, except the following fact, which is well worth recording:—

A few months before the decease of my lamented friend Lord Macaulay, I noticed a newly-bound copy of Johnson's Dictionary lying upon the table. He told me that it was the fourth livery in which he had invested this trusty servant. And on my asking, with some surprise, in what service he had found so much employment for such a *vade-de-libraire*, he replied, to keep his diction up to the classical standard, and to prevent himself from slipping into spurious modernisms.

"Doubtless," as Mr. Coleridge rather obscurely puts it, "Johnson's authorities were more to Macaulay than his authority—he drew his own conclusions from the quotations." But if Macaulay needed such a remembrancer to keep even him from falling into the "grand style," how much more must it be needed by the rest of the world!

Mr. Herbert Coleridge's paper deals with the question of excluding or including certain words from the dictionary—chiefly vile slang and modernisms of various kinds, but some of them really English. "Your Devilship," may never have been used more than once, but it is good English all the same. Such would be the case also with many of what Mr. Coleridge calls "playful or 'hypocoristic' terms, formed with such suffixes as 'kin,' 'lat,' 'ling,' &c." Such words, if really needed, are formed on a true analogy, and so they may stand; but what dictionary can want the abominations spoken of in the next paragraph?—

Southey's "Doctor" is an early instance of the kind of writing in which they are found—witness such formations as "cattery" for a collection of cats, "cattophist," "philofelist," "bonafide," and "sinequanonness"; witness Sydney Smith's "foolometer," Carlyle's "whiskerage," "Correggosity," "promenaderess," "rainous," a vernacular rendering of the Revolution name for one of the months (*Pluviose*), and "Yours Majesty," a parody on the German court form "ihro," Thackeray's "snobonomer," Dickens's "have-his-carcase," and a host of others, of which the number in any given work is usually in inverse proportion to the literary rank and standing of the author.

Whatever we may say of the other writers, surely Southey never dreamed of his playful barbarisms being seriously accepted and put in a dictionary. "Cattery" may perhaps be borne with, as it is formed according to the analogy of "deanery" and "piggery." Let no one start at so profane a juxtaposition; it comes from one who had in every way a right to make it. A late really eminent member of the Very Reverend order, having no official residence, lived, like the Apostle, in his own hired house. Nevertheless, he always dated his letters from "The Deanery." When, as sometimes happened, his friends wondered, his defence always was—"Where pigs live is a piggery, and so where a Dean lives must be a Deanery."

What would Mr. Coleridge's rules say to the barbarous verb "jeopardize," which seems, in pure wantonness, to have pretty well displaced the legitimate "jeopard?" Jeopardise, by the way, is a lawful noun, found in Chaucer, but jeopardize, as a verb, is one of those impure formations, like civilize, and the like, which in many cases we cannot do without, but which surely need not supplant real words of the same meaning. He who talks of to "jeopardize" might just as well talk of to "murderize," to "endangerize," or any other such barbarism which might come into his head.

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.*

THE Tropics give us something like a picture of the antediluvian world. The heat and moisture, with the consequent luxuriance of vegetation in "tangled overgrowth," the violence of the storms, and the ferocity and hideousness of many animal forms, mark out these equatorial regions as very striking, very picturesque, very interesting, but not very agreeable as a residence. Unless we are young, robust, and adventurous, it is pleasanter to read of such regions in our milder Europe, and to visit them in imagination, following the adventures of others. And this journey Dr. Hartwig enables us to make through his excellent compilation from the works of various travellers. We can wonder at the heat without sweltering, and at the deluges of rain without getting wet through. We read with interest, unalloyed by personal discomfort, that while the fall of rain in Europe is only about thirty inches in depth during the whole year, in the tropics it is eight feet, and on the coast of Malabar even as much as twenty-three feet. We plunge securely into the sombre depths of the primitive forest, with its vaulted roof of varied leaves and blossoms, damp, oppressive, silent—the home of the lion, the jaguar, and the venomous snake—and compare it with our own delightful solitudes of tree and shrub. We follow the windings of its rivulets and watercourses as we pass from one missionary station to another. In our woods we can, if we are young enough and curious enough, reach the topmost branches of any tree. There is no blossom or fruit we cannot pluck. But in the primitive forests—say of the Brazils—where the matted bushropes, climbing along the trunks and branches,

extend, like the rigging of a ship, from one tree to another, and blossom at a giddy height, it is frequently impossible to reach these flowers, or even to distinguish to which of the many interlacing stems they belong. The tiger-cat and the monkey may be able to accomplish the feat, but it would be hopeless for man to attempt it. On this point Dr. Hartwig delivers a naive challenge to the sceptical reader. "If any one," he says, "should be inclined to tax this description with exaggeration, let him try to pluck the flowers of the lianas, or to ascend by climbing their flexible cordage." It is not eminently probable that the most determined sceptic will quit Europe and hurry to the Brazils for the sole purpose of making such an experiment. He will be content with Dr. Hartwig's vivid description, and believe everything that is required by him.

The magnificence of tropical vegetation has often been painted in glowing rhetoric. Dr. Hartwig adds much interesting information to the rhetoric. Among the valuable products there is one to which attention was recently called in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and which we in Europe ought assuredly to cease wondering at, and commence the urgent inquiries which may lead to its introduction as a regular article of commerce. We allude to the coca-leaf. Tea, coffee, tobacco, spices sink into insignificance beside this invaluable leaf, which is the first necessity of life to the Indian, who is never seen without his leathern pouch containing the leaves and a small box of powdered lime. At least three times a day he rests from labour to chew this ambrosia. Carefully removing the midribs of the leaves, he masticates them into the shape of a small ball, called an *aculico*. Then, repeatedly inserting a thin piece of moistened wood, like a toothpick, into the box of unsaked lime, he introduces the powder which remains attached to it into the *aculico*, until the latter has acquired the requisite flavour. This lime mitigates the bitterness of the leaf, the flavour of which is like that of bad green tea. The marvellous properties of the coca are, first, its power of strengthening the digestion in a way no other tonic can approach; and next, its power of preventing asthmatic effects in the rapid ascent of high mountains; and, above all, its efficacy as a substitute for food. In this latter quality we have the surprising testimony of Tschudi, the traveller, in addition to that of many others. He mentions that an Indian, sixty-two years of age, was employed by him during five consecutive days and nights in laborious excavations. During the whole period he never ate anything, but every three hours chewed half an ounce of coca, and kept the *aculico* constantly in his mouth. Nor did he require more than two hours' sleep during the night. When the labour was finished, he accompanied Tschudi during a ride of twenty-three leagues over the mountain plains, constantly running alongside of the nimble mule, and never resting but for the purpose of making an *aculico*. When they separated, he declared himself perfectly willing to do a similar amount of work if he had a plentiful allowance of coca. In the *Cornhill Magazine* we were told of a scientific investigation of this marvellous plant, which fully bore out the statements of travellers; and, if used only as a tonic, there is no drug now imported which would be so valuable to a dyspeptic people like that of Europe.

Everything in the Tropics is on a grand scale. In that region—

Où l'homme est la souris du tigre,
the very ants are formidable. "I have no words," says Schomburgk, "to describe the pain inflicted upon me by the mandibles of the *ponera clavata*, a large and fortunately not very common ant, whose long black body is beset with single hairs. Like an electric shock the pain instantly shot through my whole body, and soon acquired the greatest intensity in the breast, and over and under the armpits. After a few moments I felt almost completely paralysed, so that I could only with the greatest difficulty, and under the most excruciating tortures, totter towards the plantation, which however it was impossible for me to reach. I was found senseless on the ground, and on the following day a violent wound fever ensued." The tiger one may generally avoid; in fact, he avoids man, except under the stern pressure of necessity. But the ant is fearless, implacable, indestructible. Armies of them rush out upon the unwary intruder who has disturbed their hills; and when they have once laid hold of your skin you may tear their bodies from their heads before the dreadful mandibles relax.

Nor are the serpents agreeable neighbours, although the danger from them is much exaggerated. On penetrating for the first time into a tropical forest, the traveller is moved by many strange and conflicting emotions. There is mystery, and terror, and delight. The luxuriance of vegetation, the mighty giants clasped by python folds of enormous creepers, bearing numerous parasites on their knotty arms, the abundance of blossoms charming to the sight and fragrant to the smell, the brilliance of the plumage of the birds flitting to and fro, and, with these, the dim terror which cannot be repressed that some dreadful serpent may be coiled up amid the tangled roots, or concealed beneath the leaves—these all assail the traveller. But familiarity removes the terror. Experience proves that snakes are very little more to be feared in the tropical than in the European woods. The reptiles are less numerous than is generally supposed, and few of them are dangerous. They avoid man, and, unless actually trodden on, seldom bite. Dr. Russell examined forty-three species in India, and found only seven were poisonous. Dr. Davy examined those of Ceylon, and out of twenty species only four were poisonous, and only two of these were capable of inflicting a mortal wound. The venomous snakes are indolent in their movements and easily avoided. They generally creep away

* *The Tropical World; a Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms in the Equatorial Regions.* By Dr. G. Hartwig. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

without disputing the path, not being ready to squander their venom without necessity:—

But although accidents from venomous snakes are comparatively rare, yet the consequences are dreadful when they do take place, and the sight of a cobra or a trigonocephalus preparing for its fatal spring may well appal the stoutest heart.

Prince Maximilian of Neu Wied, having wounded a tapir, was following the traces of his game along with his Indian hunter, when suddenly his companion uttered a loud scream. He had come too near a labarri snake, and the dense thicket prevented his escape. Fortunately, the first glance of the distinguished naturalist fell upon the reptile, which, with extended jaws and projecting fangs, was ready to dart upon the Indian, but at the same moment, struck by a ball from the prince's rifle, lay writhing on the ground. The Indian, though otherwise a strong-nerved man, was so paralysed by fear, that it was some time before he could recover his self-possession — a proof, among others, that it is superfluous to attribute a fascinating power to the venomous snakes, as the effects of terror are quite sufficient to explain why smaller animals, unable to flee the impending danger, become their unresisting victims, and even seem, as it were, wantonly to rush upon destruction. Thus Pöppig saw on the banks of the Huallaga an unfortunate frog, which, after being for some time unable to move, at length made a desperate leap towards a large snake, that was all the time fixing its eye upon it, and thus paid the confusion of its senses with the loss of its life.

It is curious that the dreaded rattlesnake has a determined enemy in the hog, before whom its courage vanishes in a quite ludicrous manner. The hog himself seems to rejoice in his power. He scents the rattlesnake from afar, and his bristles start up with excitement, as he approaches the retreating reptile, seizes it by the neck, and greedily devours it, without touching the head. As the hog is the invariable companion of the settler in the backwoods, the rattlesnake gradually disappears before the advance of man; and in a century or more it will probably be extinct. Even the cobra has its hunter, not in the hog, but in the mongoos, or Indian ichneumon. But the cobra is no coward. Accustomed to scare the leopard, he is not to be scared by the little mongoos; on the contrary, he rises with swelling neck and flaming eyes; but the mongoos is too swift and dexterous — avoiding the stroke of the projecting fangs, the mongoos leaps on the cobra's back, and all is over.

When the traveller far inland meets with crabs, which he always associates with water, he puzzles himself as to how these crabs can live upon the distant hills for which they seem so little fitted. His surprise increases if some night during the spawning season he observes an army of these crabs quitting their mountains, on a journey beachwards, for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. On such an expedition, the crabs, impelled by the mysterious *storge*, cannot be stayed. With energetic patience they overcome every obstacle — house, rock, or other body. They want the ingenuity which would suggest their going round the obstacle; but with a powerful stupidity they scale it. Having reached the limit of their journey, and having deposited their eggs in the sand, their parental anxieties cease, and at once they commence the return home. They set out after nightfall, and steadily advance until the dawn warns them to seek concealment among the stones and rubbish, where they remain until the stars once more invite them to pursue their course. When they reach the coast, they are in prime condition for the table, and it is then they are taken. On their return home they are poor, exhausted, and despised.

We have indicated the nature of Dr. Hartwig's book, and have only to add that it is compiled with great skill, and written in a clear and agreeable style. It is seldom that we have occasion to notice a more satisfactory work of the class to which it belongs.

THE MOUTH SHUT.*

ONE of the venerable teachers of ancient wisdom has left us a valuable chapter on bridling the tongue. But it has remained for a modern sage, not of the East, but of the Far West, to read us a lecture on bridling the organ that bears the same relation to the tongue that the microcosm of the world without does to its inner life. In other words, we are now taught that the discipline of the mouth, or the keeping it shut as much as possible, is essential to our bodily health by day and by night. "The Breath of Life," to be made wholesome, and not a defilement, must, according to our author's theory, be made to flow only, or chiefly, through the nostrils. We are not aware if this be altogether a new discovery, but it deserves, we think, more attention than it has yet received; and Mr. Catlin's book throws over the subject at least a fresh interest, and is quite a curiosity in its way. It is thoroughly an American production; and probably few Englishmen would be found who could discuss such a subject in print with so much egotistical assurance and self-complacent dogmatism. In his preface of a few lines only, the writer tells us that "no person on earth who reads his little work will condemn it, and that it is only a question how many millions may look through it, and benefit themselves by adopting its precepts." The whole of these precepts resolve themselves into a single very short one. "And if," says Mr. Catlin, "I were to endeavour to bequeath to posterity the most important motto which human language can convey, it would be in three words:—

Shut — your — mouth."

Before he arrives at that stage of his work in which he gives utterance to this oracle, he gives us some little account of his ethnographic labours, which have been, it seems, extended over 150 tribes of the North American Indians, containing more than two

* *The Breath of Life; or, Mal-Respiration, and its Effects upon the Enjoyments and Life of Man.* By Geo. Catlin. Tribner & Co. 1862.

million souls. He boldly asserts that his experience leads him to the conclusion that the sanitary condition of these savage races is much superior to that of the civilized ones, except in localities where the native races have been subjected to the dissipation and vices of foreigners. The Aboriginal races of Indians are, if we may credit our author, far beyond civilized communities in the preservation of infant life. While one half of the children born in London die under three years of age, it is a very unusual thing for the savage tribes, in their unadulterated state, to lose a young child at all from disease during infancy. Mr. Catlin cites the testimony of various Indian chiefs and their wives, who assured him that before their people began to use "Fire-water" the death of children was a rare circumstance, though now common enough. He attributes the comparative health and immunity of these Indians from early diseases to the constant habit acquired from infancy of sleeping with their mouths closed. "The Indian mothers," he tells us, "are especially watchful to shut the mouths of their children during sleep, knowing how much of future beauty and of health depends upon the habits thus learnt and enforced from the first period of existence."

Our author has a variety of arguments by which he backs up his theory — some of them highly amusing, others with a vein of truth running through them; and here and there we notice the Transatlantic dogmatist riding his hobby-horse to death, as when, for example, he asserts that "the air which enters the lungs is as different from that which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or frog-pond." The arresting and purifying process of the nose upon the atmosphere, with its poisonous ingredients passing through it, has, if we are to believe Mr. Catlin, a marvellous power, "not less distinct nor less important than that of the mouth, which stops cherry-stones and fish-bones from entering the stomach." He adds to this discovery something that will be quite new to the chemist and pathologist, when he talks of the sensitiveness of the nasal organ in instinctively and instantaneously separating the gases, as well as rejecting the material impurities of the atmosphere; and he appeals to the fact that "man can inhale through his nose for a certain time mephitic air in the bottom of a well, but if his mouth is opened to answer a question, or to call for help in that position, his lungs are closed, and he expires." Mr. Catlin's researches, minute as they are in some respects with regard to those floating substances which often assail us and our lungs from poisonous effluvia in the air — from glass and silex, detected, as he says, in the hollow bones of birds, who catch their food with open mouths — do not seem to have extended very far as to that particular kind of gas or mephitic air of which this part of his theory affords the illustration. But we would suggest that, before he thus draws truth from the bottom of a well, he had better try the experiment of descending into it, and find, by sitting down there, whether his nostrils can breathe carbuncle acid gas with any more safety than his lungs. The Grotto del Cane may, perhaps, give him a still easier method of teaching the result of his experiment, if he survives it. For the benefit of those who are not likely to follow our author in his more eccentric wanderings, we shall condense a few of his observations, which seem worthy of note as the conclusions of a man resembling in some respects the old alchemists, who elicited important truths from a theory in the main extravagant and ridiculous:—

By nature, we are told, the teeth as well as the eyes are amphibious; and the brute creations, that scarcely open their mouths except for the purpose of taking food, never experience the decay of those organs which, in man, are often lost or entirely diseased even in middle life. The Indian people, who talk little and sleep naturally — that is, with their mouths shut — have no dentists or dentifrice, and their teeth almost invariably rise from their gums as regular as the keys of a piano. Civilized man may properly be said to be an *open-mouthed animal*; a wild man is not; and that which gives the American Indians the most manly and beautiful mouths in the world is the habit first acquired in infancy, by the care of their mothers, of being made to sleep with the closed mouth, which is subsequently guarded against too much laxity of this organ even in the daytime; so that the pattern of perfection in this respect is "the Indian warrior, who sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and with seeming reluctance opens it even to eat or to speak."

Lest it should be imagined, however, that the habit may not be acquired in later years of conquering that fatal propensity which so many in civilized life indulge in, our author kindly furnishes, from his own experience, a proof of what may be done where there is a resolute determination to do it. It was on the banks of the Missouri — where, he says, "I was nightly drawing the deadly draughts of cold air, with all its poisonous malaria, through my mouth into my lungs" — that he began to practise a discipline which was followed by the most successful results. His method of pursuing it to its issue can only be understood by his own description: —

Waking many times during the night, and finding myself in this painful condition (nightmare, snoring, with its other results), and suffering during the succeeding day with pain and inflammation (and sometimes bleeding) of the lungs, I became fully convinced of the danger of the habit of sleeping with the mouth wide open. I became fully resolved to overcome it, which I eventually did, only by sternness of resolution and perseverance, determining through the day to keep my teeth and my lips firmly closed, except when it was necessary to open them, and strengthening this determination, as a *matter of life or death*, at the last moment of consciousness while entering into sleep.

If Mr. Catlin's narrative is to be received as a true one, he certainly must have exercised a power of self-mesmerism which we believe is a very unusual gift. Our readers who are afflicted as he was may try his recipe, if they can understand it; but, for ourselves, we confess that we should despair of success, unless we became possessed of that extraordinary apparatus which it is

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reported an inventive Yankee has just produced. One of our contemporaries thus describes it:—

He fastens upon the mouth a gutta-percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the person snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course reforms.

The catalogue of woes which Mr. Catlin sums up as the consequence of not following him in his successful struggle with this deadly evil of the open mouth, is truly of a most alarming character; for his long list embraces almost all the diseases which flesh is heir to, and he reckons up these with a ferocity that reminds us, if we do not feel disposed to take his remedy, of M. Purgon's denunciation of his patient in the *Malade Imaginaire*. But perhaps the most frightful of all the insinuations which our author seeks to drum into the ears of his more sensitive readers is that which is suggested in the following passage:—

Epidemic diseases are undoubtedly communicated through the medium of the atmosphere in poisonous animalcula, and other infectious agents; and what conclusion can be more rational, than that he who sleeps with his mouth open during the night, drawing an increased quantity of infected atmosphere directly on the lungs and into the stomach, will increase his chances of contracting the disease?

On the coast of Brazil, in 1857, during a voyage in which thirty out of eighty passengers died, our author, at the breaking out of the epidemic, being on board the mail steamer where this mortality prevailed, had an opportunity of testing his theory:—

Aware of the difficulty of closing the mouth of a corpse whose mouth has been habitually open through life, I was irresistibly led to a private and secret scanning of faces at the table and on deck; and of six or seven persons for whom I had consequent apprehensions, I observed their seats were in a day or two vacated, and afterwards I recognised their faces when brought on deck, as subjects for the last sad ceremony.

In justice to Mr. Catlin, we should mention that he sometimes indulges us with arguments to prove his point, which partake rather of the facetious than of the melancholy empiric. Standing like Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy, he favours us occasionally with an effusion in the latter line that exhibits him to more advantage than when inclining towards the first of these bewitching nymphs. Speaking of the mouth as the greatest mystery in the material organization of man, he thus enlarges, *à la charade*, upon his subject:—

Its endless modulations of sound may produce the richest, the sweetest of music, or the most frightful and unpleasant sounds in the world. It converses, it curses and applauds, it commands and reproves, it slanders, it flatters, it prays and it profanes, it blasphemous and it adores, blows hot and blows cold, speaks soft tones of love and affection and rough notes of vengeance and cruel hatred, it bites and it woos, it kisses, ejects saliva, eats cherries, roast beef and chicken, and a thousand other things; drinks coffee, gin, and mint-juleps (and sometimes brandy), takes pills, and rhubarb, and magnesia, tells tales and keeps secrets, is pretty or is ugly, of all shapes and of all sizes, with teeth white, teeth black, and teeth yellow, and with no teeth at all. During the day, it is generally eating, drinking, singing, laughing, grinning, pouting, talking, smoking, scolding, whistling, chewing or spitting, all of which have a tendency to keep it open; and if allowed to be open during the night, is seen, as has been described, by its derangement of the teeth, to create thereby its own deformity.

Assuring us that the open mouth by day is sure to produce the open mouth at night, and telling us how disastrous it must be for us to indulge an expression of face in sleep which we should be ashamed of in our waking hours, he invites us to behold his various engravings of open-mouthed sleepers and snorers. His work, in this respect, would be a "chamber of horrors," were it not enlivened by some sketches of an opposite kind, representing his quiet and sweetly-composed shut-mouthed slumberers, either in the easy-chair or in bed; and among these, we fancy we can recognise the author's own complacent visage, dreaming pleasantly, perhaps, of the success that is to attend his labours. He intimates his anxiety also on behalf of the fair sex sleeping, but does not venture to draw aside the curtain or introduce us to the chamber of any slumbering Imogen; gallantly remarking, while giving us the laughable picture of a hideous male snorer—"I can scarcely allow myself to believe that young ladies would be caught sleeping thus; but one word of advice, even to them, may not be amiss—idiots asleep cannot be angels awake."

Mr. Catlin, as our readers will perceive, is an artist, in his own line, as well as an author. Some of his sketches in this volume are excellent, particularly that in which he sets before us a street assemblage surrounding an exhibition of Punch and Judy. In contrast with this, he gives us another picture of the manner in which North American savages would witness such a scene. "In the extreme excitement," he adds, "the Indian, if he is forced to laugh, places his hand over his mouth, and invariably hides it at such times." Much, perhaps, might be learnt from this mouth-dignity of these savages, if a sprinkling of them could be introduced into the most popular of our national assemblies, where a *horse-laugh*, as it is commonly called, is but a satire upon that noble animal, which, as Mr. Catlin shows us by one of his cuts, would meet with no admirer or purchaser if he opened his mouth in this way to express his pleasurable emotions on any occasion. Although our author has nowhere mentioned his adherence to the ancient proverb, "Speech is silver, silence is gold," we have no doubt that he would highly applaud what little there yet remains of our taciturnity as a nation. It should be our boast, it seems, not our reproach, that we are able (to use a homely expression) to keep the tongue within the teeth. It is the great point which a Western sage has been raised up to enforce in these latter days of increasing talkativeness among all our great and little folks. Our paragon of mouth-government gives us the quintessence of all his discoveries

by saying—"Keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are walking, when you are running, when you are riding, and, by all means, when you are angry." But even this good advice, upon which health and wealth, and, perhaps, "the breath of life," hangs, would not be quite complete without adding to it that proverb, old and unchangeable as the hills, as Mr. Catlin calls it, which he learnt among his special favourites, the North American Indians:—"My son, open first your eyes, your ears next, and last of all your mouth, that your words may be words of wisdom, and give no advantage to an adversary."

CHINA.*

THE Yang-tsze, as Captain Blackiston with all possible sibilant spells the name of the greatest river in Asia, rises in Tibet, and traverses, under various other names, the entire breadth of China, from the South-Western province of Yunnan to the Eastern Sea. Four Englishmen last year explored the river for 1,800 miles of its course; and Captain Blackiston's narrative of their expedition will help to correct several common errors respecting China and the Chinese, which have arisen partly from the Manchou policy of excluding foreigners from the interior of the empire, and partly from the lazy fallacy of taking things that have the same name to be, in all respects, alike. On the banks of the Yang-tsze, Captain Blackiston and his party heard different dialects, and saw people of different manners and appearance, as well as almost every variety of scenery, soil, and produce, and almost every variety of human fortunes. They passed through happy and prosperous regions, and through regions desolated by famine and the worst horrors of war. M. Huc has observed that the Chinese annals contain a history of alternations of happy and miserable periods; but, in fact, both periods have generally coexisted in that immense and over-populous empire. M. Huc himself, reflecting upon the enormous number of its inhabitants, and the rapidity of their increase, was almost tempted to wish that China might be visited by "one of those exterminating scourges by which Providence arrests, from time to time, the increase of too fertile races." The sternest disciple of Malthus could not fail to be horrified at the effects of the scourge which has thinned the population of the districts round Shanghai, within which Imperial "braves" and Taeping rebels have for years waged a war of extermination against their common countrymen rather than against each other. Land which was cultivated with Chinese assiduity for many hundred years has returned to a state of nature, and wild animals have taken the place of human beings as the inhabitants of what once were conspicuous towns and villages. Chin-Kiang was the first town our travellers visited after they left Shanghai, and within the city wall and among the ruins, which marked the site of a once populous suburb, hardly a roof was to be seen. They started a pheasant, a hare, and some quail at a spot once crowded with human life, and "the whole surrounding country was most favourable for sporting purposes." At Nanking wood and waste were to be seen within the walls, and immense numbers of pheasants in the ditches around them. Mr. Forrest describes a neighbouring village, in which a roebuck was seen standing in the ruins of a farmhouse; a wild duck nestled in the tame duck's bed; and the cry of the pheasant was loud where the human voice should have been heard. Mr. Darwin's theory of the struggle for life among all animated beings has been realized without the consolation which that distinguished naturalist suggests, "that death is generally prompt, that no fear is felt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, the happy survive and multiply."

Go (says Mr. Forrest) and ask that old man which way the Changtsze has run. . . . The man is frightened, heartbroken, demented. The deer was standing on the ruins of what was once his home. He is labouring for others now, his sons have gone to war for a cause they little love, his daughters are in the city, where he cannot see them, the spoil of masters they love less and less, and all his life is a blank.

The Taeping rebellion is not the only political convulsion by which China is torn. There is, or lately was, a distinct insurrection in the north-eastern province of Shantung; another in the central province of Sz'chuan, and a third among the numerous Mussulmans of Yunnan in the south-west. Captain Blackiston indeed affirms that there is more or less rebellion in every province of China, which he attributes to the want of a sufficient number of civil magistrates. Were we to follow M. Huc, we should be more inclined to attribute it to the dishonesty and incapacity of the magistrates under the system established for its own purposes by the Manchou Government, according to which no mandarin can govern in his own province, or remain longer than three years in any province. Hence, these provincial governors are often, according to M. Huc, unacquainted even with the language of the people among whom they reside, and are bound to them by no ties, so that their only object is to make as much money as they can, and how they can, in each place. Captain Brine, on the other hand, in another work lately published by Mr. Murray, is of opinion that the charge of corruption and rapacity against the Chinese officials cannot be sustained, and points to the regularity of the receipt of the taxes by the Imperial Government during the late wars as a proof of the efficiency of its administrative system. But if the Imperial revenue is as well collected as

* Five Months on the Yang-tsze. By T. W. Blackiston, late Captain R. A. Murray: 1862.

ever, it seems not to be so well expended. Adam Smith regarded with suspicion the accounts which had reached Europe of the extraordinary excellence of the roads and canals maintained by the Chinese Government. Those accounts had, he said, "generally been drawn up by weak and wondering travellers; frequently by stupid and lying missionaries." It would appear, however, that these early reports, false as they would be in reference to the present state of things, were not ill-founded. There are now no roads at all in most parts of the Chinese Empire, and those that exist are generally in the worst possible order. But the face of the country bears marks that this was not always so. In almost all the provinces, as M. Huc has observed, the traveller may still see remains of fine roads paved with broad flagstones and bordered with magnificent trees. But these great works, he adds, have been abandoned under the Manchu Emperors, who, instead of maintaining them, have hastened their destruction; and although the canals have suffered less, they are rapidly deteriorating. Captain Blackiston's observation was confined to the country on the borders of the Yang-tsze, but his pages contain evidence of the negligence of the Chinese Government in regard to other public works. For example, in the month of June, he found a great part of the province of Hoo-peh flooded by the river, on one side of which the only signs of land were the tops of some houses, embankments, and trees, and on the other side "the valleys had the appearance of arms of the sea," and he was told that this inundation was of annual occurrence. The Chinese have been called the Dutch of the East, but they manage these things better in Holland. Mr. McCulloch, who compares the Chinese with the Dutch, justly controverts Adam Smith's description of the former as a people altogether averse to foreign commerce. Mr. McCulloch, however, might, with better reason, have attributed the philosopher's mistake to the policy of the Chinese Government than to the misrepresentation of European trading companies. He has also controverted Adam Smith's description of China as a richer country than any in Europe. Dr. Smith, he says, must have formed his opinion of the riches of China from the representations of the earlier travellers and the Jesuits. "Later and better authenticated accounts show that China, instead of being a rich, is really a poor, ill-cultivated country." Still later and better authenticated accounts, we may now add, show that neither Adam Smith's nor Mr. McCulloch's description is strictly accurate, but that Adam Smith's is the one nearest the truth. On the whole, as M. Huc says, China is an admirably fertile country, and cultivated with remarkable diligence; but in the province of Hoo-peh the harvests of the year are seldom sufficient for a month's consumption, and the populations of the towns are supplied mainly from the produce of the rich adjoining province of Sz'chuan, which cannot in ten years consume the ordinary produce of one. Captain Blackiston expresses his astonishment that China should ever have been called "an enormous fertile valley," since more variation of surface could hardly be found in any other country. He might have added, that there is nearly as much variety in the fertility and the nature of the productions as in the scenery of different parts of the Empire. There has consequently been, for thousands of years, a more extensive commerce carried on within its limits than that which took place down to recent times, under the restrictions of the mercantile system and of protection, between the different parts of Europe. This partially accounts for the commercial spirit which is so striking a trait of the Chinese character, in spite of the obstacles to foreign commerce created by a foreign dynasty afraid of its own shadow. Another cause of the activity of Chinese trade and industry is that the Chinese people have always enjoyed more civil liberty as regards locomotion, residence, and occupation, than most European nations. Moreover, the cultivators of the soil in China have had for centuries as much security of possession as the peasant proprietors of France enjoy at the present day, coupled, we must add, with a law of succession which entails, as in France, an excessive subdivision of landed property, and prevents the application of capital to farming. As in France, so in China, the farmer is often too poor to have any better implement than a spade—if the Chinese peasant has a plough, his wife is often the only animal he has to draw it.

Most of the characteristics of Chinese life and habits described by Captain Blackiston and other travellers receive an explanation from the history and institutions of the country. The subdivision of landed property, and the superstitious desire for children, along with an immunity from war for two centuries, multiplied the population to the number of nearly four hundred millions, according to the best estimates. But in the general struggle for life the co-existence of multitudes of men with certain kinds of animals is impossible. Pigs and poultry are great favourites in China; but M. Huc does not mention having seen a sheep in the Empire after he was once fairly beyond the frontiers of Tibet. Captain Blackiston says not a word about mutton, but refers to the Chinese "distaste for beef," and to the only bullock in all Wu-hoo, which he and his companions devoured. It does not appear that he had afterwards any experience of animal food of that description up or down the Yangtsze Kiang. It is well known that there are no dairies in China, and that milk, butter, and cheese are conspicuously absent, and it is said there is a national prejudice against them. But this prejudice, and the Chinaman's "distaste for beef," are at bottom, we believe, founded, not upon Buddhism, as has been suggested, but on the same principle as the Irishman's love of potatoes, and total abstinence from other flesh than that of pigs, for which he shares the Chinaman's regard. The Chinese are too populous and too poor for beef and mutton. The

land is all wanted for the cheapest nourishment of human beings, and there is no room to spare for cattle to graze upon. It appears, moreover, that there is as bad tea to be had in China as in any cottage in England, and that, even in China, it is sometimes only another name for "nasty hot water," although it is only fair to mention that it is sometimes gratuitously provided for the passer-by at a roadside house. Every traveller speaks of the civility of the Chinese to strangers and foreigners. The only people who caused Captain Blackiston's party the least annoyance were the "braves," or Imperial soldiers, at some of the towns. The absence of hostility to strangers arises, no doubt, from causes to which reference has already been made—viz. the comparative immunity from foreign war which the Chinese have enjoyed, and the long habit of commercial intercourse between the inhabitants of different parts of the immense empire, as strange to each other in dialect and manners as Frenchmen and Italians, and farther removed from each other as regards the place of their birth. It is to be hoped that the idea of the innocence of the stranger, which even Tartars and Mongols have not banished from the Chinaman's mind, may not be rudely dispelled by Englishmen and Frenchmen.

Captain Blackiston is very hard on the Chinese for their want of truth and sincerity. There is, he says, a vein of deception running through every affair of life:—

Go into a temple, and you see the boots, clothes, and valuables of the deceased being burned; but they are imitations in paper. Visit the grave on the mountain side, and you find relations, actuated by a spirit of "filial piety," offering sweetmeats and dainties to the dead; but they carry them all home afterwards, to be devoured at their own supper.

There was a want of veracity, he says, about all the Chinese he came across. Captain Brine, on the other hand, particularizes truthfulness among the virtues of the people he had dealings with on the seaboard. However this may be, the impostures and corruption of the Chinese Government are not fairly chargeable upon the national character; and there are hollow forms and ceremonies in all countries. We might remark, too, that as M. Huc did not scruple to assume a sky-blue robe, a red girdle, and a yellow hat, to awe the natives with Imperial colours, so Captain Blackiston and his friends "endeavoured to pass off as people of high rank," by similar devices. Had a Chinaman found out the real rank of M. Huc and of Captain Blackiston's party, in the first place, then observed the latter "bagging fowls" and chasing pigs on Chinese farms, and then visited Europe, and, after entering various churches in Italy and France, finally made acquaintance with sundry London cabmen, and paid for sundry dinners at Richmond and Greenwich—might he not, when he came to publish a book about Europe, with equal justice ask, "Is there not a vein of deception running through the whole?"

It is quite impossible for any one, whether English or Chinese, to predict the result of the present convulsions in China. Were the Taiping rebellion a genuine national revolt against the feeble and corrupt Manchu Government, perhaps the best thing for China and for Europe would be that it should succeed. But Hung-siu-tsuen, the Taiping chief, was a vulgar fanatic, and his followers have been mostly either lewd fellows of the baser sort, or rebels against their will. It may be hoped that a people so orderly, and intelligent, and so attached to industry and trade as the Chinese generally are, will not allow the present anarchy to continue for a much longer period, and they have been for some time forming local associations for their own protection against both rebels and "braves." Were tranquillity once restored, the development of the material resources of China would proceed with immense rapidity; for the Chinese mind is very far from being stationary, in the sense of being incapable of receiving the ideas and appliances of a higher civilization. It will be very hard, however, to rid China of one of the principal causes of its recent misfortunes. A century ago China had not half its present population. Are famines and insurrections alone to prevent its being redoubled a century hence? A satisfactory answer to this question would have a value out of China. What population can England comfortably support, and what is to prevent the existence of a larger one?

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.*

THE plan of this book, it is right to say, very considerably provides a large licence for absurdities. The author has not only freely availed himself of that licence, but he has indulged in many eccentricities for which it cannot be pleaded as an excuse. The work is supposed to be the autobiography of a man named Ernest Clark, who at one period was seized with an insane delusion that he had murdered a man who had decoyed to a life of dishonour a girl with whom Ernest was in love, that he had attempted to escape to some foreign land, and that he was concealing himself from the officers of justice. The autobiography is divided into two perfectly distinct and inconsistent parts. In the first, which occupies the greater portion of the volume, Mr. Clark tells us his "Life's Story," without giving us the slightest hint that any of its scenes were the mere delusions of his insanity. After a very formal announcement that we have reached the end of the "Life's Story," we come to the second part, which consists of "Leaves from My Journal," all subsequent to the date at which the story of

* *Waiting for the Verdict; an Autobiography.* Edited by B. Aikin, Author of "Anne Sherwood," &c. &c. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1863.

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his life had ended. His "Life's Story" closes with the scene in which he describes himself as perpetrating the crime, and with an appeal to the reader to give his verdict whether it was murder. In the "Leaves from his Journal" we are relieved by discovering that the story of the murder was all an insane delusion. The discovery was made by himself on Midsummer-day, in the year 1862:—

Oh, joy (he writes) too great for utterance! Let me mark this day as the whitest of my life. The crimson stain is effaced from my soul—the crimson stain of blood. . . . It was—I have clear proofs now—it was a frightful hallucination that made me dream myself a murderer. The overwrought heart and brain had created a fictitious horror. I have been flying before a phantom of my own making.

The theory of the book is, therefore, that a madman writes the story of his life while under the influence of an insane belief that "he had slain a man." He describes the scene of the assassination as a matter of fact, of which he entertains no doubt; but he publishes the book when he has become sane—at all events, when he has discovered that the murder was all a delusion of his disordered brain. We need scarcely say that in this there is an utter want of all artistic skill. The "autobiography" is a part of the fiction, and ought to be consistently maintained. If the man was mad when he wrote the narrative, he was still more mad to publish it when he discovered it was not true. Mr. Aikin, writing in the person of Mr. Ernest Clark, ought at least to keep Mr. Ernest Clark consistent with the character he assigns him. No one who wrote the "Leaves from My Journal," if he had really recovered his senses, would ever have printed, in its present form, the "Story of My Life."

We may, perhaps, venture to ask—not, of course, of Mr. Ernest Clark, the ideal madman, but of Mr. B. Aikin, the sane and sober man of letters—what on earth was the object of writing, or, still more difficult to answer, of publishing this book? Is it intended as a grave burlesque upon "sensation novels," by an avowed exhibition of fiction run mad? Or is it only designed to illustrate the description which Horace gives us of a species of book which it seems was not unknown even in ancient Rome—

Cujus volut agri somnia, vanæ,
Fingentur species?

To realize this description is, indeed, the very aim of a writer who makes a madman record the dreams of his delirium as the story of his life. In either view, the burlesque might be amusing if compressed within the limits of a column in the pages of *Punch*, as some similar burlesques have been. But the joke becomes rather serious when it is carried on through 300 pages of the ordinary novel size and print. It is not easy to give a summary of the rhapsody with which these 300 pages are filled. A story, not very regular or probable in itself, becomes still more wild when told, not in the form of a continuous narrative, but in a series of hysterical bursts of sentiment and passion. Its outline we take to be this. Mr. Ernest Clark was, or is, the son of the Reverend Mr. Clark, a very excellent but very poor curate in a country parish. The curate dies when his son is about twenty years of age. His family consists of his widow (a very amiable and pious woman, who, being unfortunately tinged with Calvinistic tenets, has a very odd passion for assuring her children that they will go to hell), Mr. Ernest Clark himself, and his sister Charlotte. They are left in such abject distress that the means of moving to London are supplied to them by the charity of a man who had worked as a thresher in the parish, and had saved out of his earnings about 20*l.* This man, named "Gemmell Pummell," is an old Puritan in his use of Scriptural phrases, and is influenced in coming to London by a belief which he expresses by saying that "the Lord spake once—thrice I heard the same. There's threshing for yer to do in London, Gemmel; there's threshing for yer to do." To London they all come, including the faithful Gemmel. A small house is taken in Thistle-grove Lane, off the Fulham Road, a locality of which we are told the important topographical fact that the lane is not wide enough to admit of the entrance of a cab. The little household endure very severe privations, being at first principally supported by Mr. Gemmel Pummell, who made a very handsome thing by preaching in the parks, and carrying round his hat for halfpence among the listeners to his sermons. Mr. Ernest himself obtains in a little time a situation in the office of a benevolent lawyer, who not only pays him 1*l.* a week, but occasionally presents his mother with a ten-pound note. He also writes popular songs, which are universally admired—publishes a novel called *Hermione*, which has a decided success—falls into difficulties by the death of his kind employer—loses his mother by death—and, at the instance of an actress called "Benvenuta" Brewster, known in the play-bills as Mrs. Horatio Howard, goes himself upon the stage. In his new capacity he has success even more triumphant than that which attended him as a songwriter and a novelist. He inspires Benvenuta with enough of his own genius to elevate her to a first-rate actress. Unhappily, in the midst of one of his most successful scenes, he sees the girl of his affections in a private box with the friend with whom she had eloped. She stretches out her arms to him. In uncontrollable excitement, he gives the unfortunate Benvenuta a real stab with a dagger in a passage of the play in which he "had to seem to stab a faithless wife." Happily the stab was not a very deep one—"she uttered one piercing scream and fell insensible; the action suited the part—a storm of applause shook the house." Mr. Ernest Clark rushed wildly from the stage. If we were to believe the story of his life, he pursued his faithless mistress and her lover to a splendid and richly furnished

mansion, which was the habitation of their guilt. He rushed, in his stage finery, through the astonished servants of the "gorgeous" mansion, and, somehow or other, contrived to murder his sleeping rival with the very dagger he had been using on the stage. He saw him calmly sleeping:—

The silver lamp shone down with a subdued light. I lifted the playhouse dagger that I still clutched, and sent his soul—TO HELL.

Ha, ha! I did it well!

The fiends laughed with me. Was it murder? I am waiting for your verdict.—THE END OF THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

The penny theatres had never anything more full of horrors. The story may yet be dramatized as "Genius and Jealousy; or the Mad Actor and the Dagger of Death." *The Strange Story*, or *Lady Audley's Secret*, has nothing to match this grand tableau, upon which the author lets the curtain fall. The "Story of My Life" is ended, and it is only when we look at the leaves of his journal that we discover that he had not slain the man at all; and we infer that, in the excitement of the scene, poor Ernest Clark went mad upon the stage, that he was seized by some persons and carried home to Thistle-grove Lane, and that the melodrama of the murder had no existence except in the hallucination of his own disordered brain.

The lady who had so vehemently excited his passions had been an inmate of his father's house. The poor curate had endeavoured to eke out his scanty income by advertising for "inmates of a clergyman's home." A very fine gentleman, in reply to this advertisement, had brought them a very beautiful little girl named Helen, left ten guineas with the curate as part payment in advance, went away, and was never heard of more. Mr. Clark was too good a man to send the deserted girl to the workhouse, and she continued an inmate of his family to his death. Ernest and she fell violently in love with each other, and were betrothed. She accompanied his mother to London; but, unable to endure the privations of poverty, she yielded to the proposals of a gentleman named Charles Forester, who had been a pupil of Mr. Clark's, and poor Ernest's bosom friend. The "Leaves from My Journal" inform us that some time after the scene in the theatre, she too found shelter in the house in Thistle-grove Lane; and she died there, affectionately attended by Benvenuta and Charlotte, although their relations had been a little complicated by the fact that Forester, when he eloped with her, had been the accepted suitor of Charlotte, and that Benvenuta was herself in love with Ernest Clark. The three rivals, however, contrived to get on together in the one small house, in which Ernest was still persisting in his insane delusion that he had murdered Forester, who was all the while in America, having been driven from the country by his extravagance and vice. Before her death, Helen was discovered to be the daughter of an earl and heiress to a large fortune, which she left by her will to Ernest Clark. He is, however, he assures us, notwithstanding his accession of fortune, still living in Thistle-grove Lane, and, we may presume, or hope, is married to Benvenuta, as the last we hear of them is in another sensation tableau, although one of repose, which Mr. Aikin has reserved for his closing scene—no doubt by way of contrast to the grand murder one. Ernest Clark looks out of his window in the house in Thistle-grove Lane. A garden with "June roses" is beneath him. Charlotte is covering the "venerable white head of Gemmel Pummell with her kerchief" (we suppose this means her handkerchief) "to protect it from the sun":—

Benvenuta plucks a rose, and with a colour like its own tries to fling the fair thing up to me in at my window; but it will not come to me. Benvenuta has turned away disappointed. I can almost fancy a tear in her large loving eyes.

And upon this Mr. Ernest Clark comes to a desperate resolution, which is thus recorded in the closing sentences of his volume:—

I will run down into my garden and gather my thornless rose! Benvenuta! Benvenuta!—God is good!

Fortified by this pious ejaculation, we presume that he summoned courage for the enterprise so poetically, though at the same time, rather obscurely described. But here the volume ends; and, by the usual contrivance of sensation writers, a disappointing line of asterisks leaves to our imagination all the details of "the gathering of the thornless rose."

All this cannot with any propriety be called fiction. The word "fiction" implies some effort of the constructive art. In this book we have nothing but the mere recording of wild and improbable incidents, which to persons of a certain turn of mind present themselves with as little of intellectual exertion as the dreams of delirium involve. The man does not produce images who shakes the kaleidoscope; and he who should jumble up without order or sequence the broken slides of a magic lantern could scarcely be said to paint, or even to arrange, the phantasms on the wall. We must emphatically deny the validity of the excuse that the book is supposed to be written by a madman, and therefore is not to be judged by ordinary rules. Possibly there could be no finer field for the very highest qualities of fiction than really to follow the wanderings of the human intellect—give life and expression to the dreams of the erring reason, and describe the forms in which the things that are passing around him are seen by the insane. But in no case should the madman be "master of the writing," and under any circumstances the task is one that belongs only to the great masters of human feeling and the human heart. In inferior hands it falls from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Orestes*

would all have been absurdities if they had suggested the doubt whether the madness was in Shakspeare or Euripides, or in the characters they drew. To be able to follow the spirit of man in its wanderings when deprived of the control of reason belongs to that very highest order of genius which knows by intuition the deep things of that spirit. Without that genius, to imitate the madman's ravings is but to rave oneself.

We have not space for many specimens of the caricatures of insanity, with which almost every page of this volume abounds. The madmen who could utter such stuff as Mr. Aikin makes Ernest Clark deliberately write, must be very poor madmen indeed. No respectable maniac was ever guilty of such trash as the address to the sea which occupies several of the opening pages. In the middle of them Mr. Clark gravely gives to each reader what we cannot help thinking a piece of very superfluous information:—

The shroud is not yet about thee, the slow passing bell has not tolled for thee, nor the dust rattled hollow on thy coffin.

We concede this, for our own individual part, or we could not be reading Mr. Ernest Clark's autobiography; but what, then, says Mr. Clark:—

Thou yet mayst be as I am — a mur—. Great God, I cannot write the word — I cannot write it; each letter would stalk forth from the paper like an accusing ghost to confront me.

Madness itself is no excuse for such balderdash as this. It is a madman, and not an idiot, that the author undertakes to impersonate. Surely he does not imagine that he really represents the vehemence of even a very commonplace maniac by making him, as he does, six or seven times say he was "a mur—" — ahem! "homicide, I mean." This is the voice of the comic, not the tragic muse—of Lord Dundreary, not Lord Hamlet. "Murther!" "murther!" is, no doubt, the exclamation with which an unkind critic would fill up the pause, were this ventured on the stage. As little does he sustain the character by such spasmodic feebleness as this:—

I, Ernest Clark, write my own memoirs, and kind or unkind reader, I swear to you that I am dipping this iron pen of mine in my heart's blood while I do write.

That Mr. Ernest Clark should choose to write with a steel, or, as he poetically terms it, an iron pen, is in these days nothing remarkable, but we are not so well satisfied with his substitute for ink. We tremble as we approach an autobiography written with an iron pen, and with the author's heart's blood. We have read of such pens and ink having been used, but only for the purpose of drawing up bonds between mortals and a personage with whom we earnestly hope the editor of this autobiography would have nothing to do. Southey, if we remember right, sings of

A miserable Eleemon,
Who sold himself to the demon —

and who signed the indenture of sale with three drops of blood drawn with an iron pen from the region of his heart. But we would advise gentlemen to be very cautious of writing in such fashion. According to all approved precedent, the document that is so written has the character of a bond the conditions of which they would be very sorry to fulfil. It will really be only prudence to forbear from the use either of pens or ink which the common consent of mankind and demonkind has appropriated to the preparation of dangerous compacts like those of Eleemon. It may be to the mysterious influence of such terrible implements that we are to trace many of the strange things in this book. If we could imagine the Evil One to bind an unfortunate author to write a certain quantity of nonsense, we undertake to maintain in any court of justice that in this instance the bond has been literally fulfilled.

These extracts may be sufficient to satisfy the reader that the insanity of poor Mr. Ernest Clark is degenerating into that incipiency with which the doctors tell us that vehement mania is apt to end. The writing of a sensation novel may, perhaps, henceforth be regarded as the last stage of mental disease. We can scarcely conceive any stage worse than that which has induced the high-flown description of a great "lion" whom Mr. Clark met in the year 1859 at the first literary *soirée* to which he ever received an invitation. In the drawing-room he saw a gentleman "towering above all the rest," tossing his head to "display Hyperion curls" and "the front of Jove himself," with "a face of wonderful beauty — the beauty of flesh and blood — yet not sensual," for there was "a moral light upon it, an actual ripple of joy and luminous thought playing over it." "What an embodiment of all life and intense happiness," while, "with all that flashing intellect, the noblest portion of the soul was still slumbering" — this man of flashing intellect and "wondrous" intellectual beauty being no other than Mr. George Francis Train!

Such (says Mr. Clark) was George Francis Train in 1859. An altered and a sadder being is George Francis Train, the wild political agitator of 1862. Yet is he still a study for poet, sculptor or painter.

We have bestowed upon this volume more notice than some of our readers may perhaps think it is worth. But care for the public intellect requires that some effort should be made to check the growing evil of "sensation novels." No human mind, it is said, is powerful enough to resist the effect of continued intercourse with either madmen or fools; and the intellectual energy of the community cannot be altogether proof against the familiarity with nonsense which is involved in the indefinite multiplication of productions like these. This particular book possesses the interest that belongs

to a psychological phenomenon. All this trash is actually written by one who in many passages exhibits powers which, under proper regulation, would be capable of better things. The mental process must be a curious one of which it is the result. It is in no unfriendly spirit that we warn the author that there are two species of mental disease, which, though widely different in their nature, are yet, like the sublime and the ridiculous, separated only by a line. He who attempts to personate a madman runs, at all events, some risk of passing himself as a fool; and unless he can make his madman a very sublime character indeed, an author even of moderate talent and sensibility is likely to do but little justice to himself in presenting to us what he imagines would be the unhealthy sensations of a disordered mind.

THE POPULAR MUSES OF ANDALUSIA.*

THERE is no sort of invention that goes round the world more surely than a myth; and it will not surprise many of our readers that the common legends of Andalusia should exhibit some unaccountable coincidences with those of very distant countries and alien races. This fact has been partly observed by the gifted novelist who has now devoted her latest labours to an epitome of the popular wit, wisdom, and demonology of her native province—a work confessedly designed to cope with the "Folklore" of the German and Northern nations. Thus she takes notice that the leading idea of "Peter Schlemihl"—namely, of a man losing his shadow by dealings with the Devil—is embodied in an Andalusian adage about studying on the Crimson Rock (where, it seems, no end of ideas can be acquired):—

Do you not know what that is? The Crimson Rock is where the Marquis of Villena studied with the Devil. (Hear, hear!) But he did, Sir! Every day the Devil took a black-board; and the lesson appeared written out at the Crimson Rock; and in this way the Marquis learned so fast that he came to know more than his master; and the Devil grew so jealous that he let the board fall, meaning to kill the Marquis; but the Marquis had smelled fire, so he slipped aside in the nick of time, and the board only caught his shadow, so that the Marquis was left without one ever after.

Furthermore, the Señora's tale of "the Souls" (*las animas*) is, in almost every circumstance, similar to a Norwegian one which has lately been introduced to the English public. A young girl has a monstrous task set her of sewing, spinning, and such like things, which she accomplishes by the aid of three supermundane beings. She consequently gets married to a prince, who thinks he may now reckon on her housewifely virtues. The three have stipulated that they must be invited to the wedding feast; and they repair thither in the most hideous forms, and are introduced as the bride's aunts. The apparition seems likely to be a mischievous one in regard to the domestic bliss of the young pair; but all goes right with them, owing to the perfect self-command and courtesy with which the gentleman receives his visitors. He discreetly questions each how she has spoiled her eyes, her figure, or whatever it may be. He is told that it is by sewing and other work, and his only conclusion is, that his wife must throw away her needles and the rest of her implements. We do not remember whether these were quite the same in both versions.

As to another tale, the "Mother-in-law of the Devil," there are still stronger reasons for deeming that it was only a foster-child of the Andalusian native intellect. With the exception of the opening circumstances, "the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian," having been composed or worked up by no less an author than Machiavelli. Only, from the latter's hands, it came out a spiteful satire against young married ladies; in Andalusia there was both gall and honey in it for a certain class of matrons. The Machiavellian fiend is reduced to beggary and distraction by the life that he is led during his honeymoon. The Andalusian one, having been called into the house by the rash imprecation of a termagant against her daughter, is discovered and caught by the former before he can do any mischief. Each is at last driven from the earth by the device of a stranger, who comes to have sundry dealings with him, and who alarms him by a great ringing of bells that is supposed to announce the approach of the dreaded woman. The story of the "Ear of Lucifer" probably belongs to the same period as the above, seeing that it comprises similar familiar allusions to the Court of Naples. It is still imbued with the *antinympal* venom that was, at first, we suspect, common to both of them. Besides these wild fictions, our authoress has given us a little domestic drama, designed to illustrate the proverbial philosophy of Andalusia, and especially the "three rules of the grey grammar," or the grammar of experience. These are somewhat oracularly expressed, but seem to intimate that you must observe all circumstances, entertain all overtures and possibilities, but abstain from all positive declarations; thus only will folks let you have your own way. [Ver venir, dejarse ir, y tenerse calla.] We have, further, a few modern idyls, some anecdotes and sharp sayings, and some brief notes of pious legends, as "about the trees that remain green all through the year, having this privilege because the Virgin rested in their shade when she was fleeing with her Son into Egypt;" or about a girl changed into a tarantula for dancing in the same sacred presence. There are many instances of good and bad taste among these "lowly flowers of religious poetry." But a great part of the volume is occupied with several series of very short rhymes and ditties on a variety of subjects; among which the housewife will find some thrifty

* *Cuentos y Poesías Populares Andaluces*. Coleccionadas por Fernan Caballero. Autores "Españoles," Vol. 3. F. A. Brockhaus. Leipzig: 1864.

maxims, and the moralist, but still more the lover, an inexhaustible stock of very pretty sentiments, in a form particularly well suited for opportune ejaculations, *qu'il soit seul ou auprès de sa bien aimée*. But such morsels are too good for translation; we might almost say for quotation, where they may meet the eye of unsentimental readers; so we will return to the legends we have mentioned, and endeavour to give a sample of the manner in which they are related. We must venture to aver that the "Devil's Mother-in-law" is told in a much more rich and lively manner than the corresponding Italian tale, the style of the latter being too much calculated to "make earnest of game." The commencement is as follows:—

Well, then, Sir, there was once, in a place called Snarlesham, a widow more ugly than the Sergeant of Utrera, that burst with ugliness, and drier than feather-grass, older than the usage of going on foot, and yellower than the plague. To make up, she had a temper so curst that Job himself could never have endured it. People nicknamed her Aunt Holophernes, and she never showed her face but all the small boys took to flight. This Aunt Holophernes was as clean as water, and as busy as an ant, and so could not be very much troubled by her daughter Pamphila, who was so lazy and such a friend of Dr. Quiet's, that an earthquake could not rouse her. So the effect was, that Aunt Holophernes would begin upbraiding her child when God sent His light abroad, and when He withdrew it the game was still continuing.

"You have as little in you," she said, "as Dutch tobacco; and to get you out of bed requires a yoke of oxen. You flee from work as if it were the plague, and you are fonder of the window, you shameless chit, than any monkey. You are more love-sick than Uncle Cupid; but either I am good for very little, or I'll make you go as upright as a distaff, and as lightly as the wind."

Pamphila, at hearing this, would get up, yawn, and stretch herself, and forestall her mother by running out at the street door. Then Aunt Holophernes, without noticing her, always began to sweep with the most vehement activity, accompanying the noise of the broom with monologues of this sort:—

"In my time the girls used to work like mules." And the broom went chiss, chiss, chiss. "They were kept at home like nuns." And the broom went chiss, chiss. "Now they are a set of madcaps"—chiss, chiss. "Gad-abouts"—chiss, chiss. "They think of nothing but suitors"—chiss, chiss. "And the bridegrooms are a pack of scamps." The broom again endorsed the statement with a chiss, chiss.

And so, coming opportunity near the door of the courtyard, she saw her daughter making signs to a young man, and the dance of the broom ended in a well-directed descent upon the shoulder of Pamphila, which had the miraculous effect of making her run. . . .

"A plague of the lovemaking girl," cried her mother; "I will break every bone you have in your body."

"What for? because I want to get married?"

"What's that you say? Married? You want a straitwaistcoat—not in my lifetime!"

"But were not you married, Madam; and was not my grandmother, and my great-grandmother?"

"The more's the pity, then, that I should have given birth to such a saucy-tongued minx as you are; and I would have you understand that if I married, and if my mother and my grandmother married, I don't, for all that, mean you to marry, nor yet my granddaughter, nor my great-granddaughter!"

A fairy tale could not have been commenced in apter style by Andersen. It is in this way things go on, till, on an unfortunate washing and ironing-day, Aunt Holophernes calls her daughter to take a kettle of boiling water from the fire for her. Pamphila hears her only with one ear, and with the other is listening to her gallant, who is singing:—

Yo te quisiera querer,
Y tu madre no me deja;
El demonio de la vieja
En todo se ha de meter.

This leads her to desert her mother, who, in lifting the kettle, poor infirm creature, spills the water on her foot, and scalds it horribly. Then Pamphila comes back, and is received with a torrent of invectives, among which the unlucky words escape — *permita Dios que te cases con el demonio*.

Very soon after that a suitor appeared for Pamphila, such as there are few of—young, fair, ruddy, of a good carriage, and with pockets well filled; there was no *but* to set against him, and even Aunt Holophernes could not find one in her very extensive arsenal of negatives.

All was going on smoothly, when, quite unaccountably and suddenly, the voice of the people, which is like a personification of our conscience, began to rise in a muffled murmur against the stranger, in spite of his being affable, gentle, generous, talking well and singing better, &c.

In fact, he had such ultra-liberal and *Philippe Egalité* manners that the ancient peasantry did not know what to make of him; and here the modern editress of the legend is letting us see a bit of her own mind. On the other hand, Aunt Holophernes herself begins to watch him with suspicion, remembering her rash prayer, and to think she sees under "his innocent auburn hair certain protuberances which bode no good." However, she lets the wedding take place, but gives her daughter, by the evening, a sprig of olive that has been dipped in holy water, and directs her to stop up all the holes and crannies in her chamber. No sooner does the incarnate fiend behold this olive bough than he rushes about the room to seek an aperture to escape by; but finding every exit made fast he introduces himself into the keyhole, plunges through it into a bottle which Aunt Holophernes has been holding out for him, and is corked up off-hand and carried to the top of a desolate hill.

There his Honour had to sojourn ten whole years. And heigh, sirs! what a ten years those were! The world was like a pool of oil! Everybody attended to his own affairs, without meddling where he had no business. No one coveted the office, or the wife, or the goods of his neighbour; robbery came to be a word without significance; swords rusted, gunpowder was only expended on fireworks; prisons were emptied; madness produced only diverting consequences; in short, during that decennium of the golden age, only one *deplorable event* happened; the lawyers died of hunger and of keeping silence. But, alas! this happy state of things could not but come to

an end! everything has an end in this world except the speeches of some eloquent fathers of their fatherland whom we know of. . . .

We cannot describe on what terms this bottle-imp is liberated by an honest soldier, after vainly pleading that, "in these times of revolution, it is a monstrous anomaly to keep in durance vilde the earliest revolutionist in creation."

The only drawback that will be felt in reading these very entertaining tales (that which, by the way, there could be none more idiomatic and profitable to a student of the language) is, to us, irreverent manner in which the names of saints, and others still more sacred, are mixed up with questionable fancies of poetical justice, and with other still lighter matter. It is true, the authoress is apprehensive of this objection, and takes some pains to forestall it. She is at great pains to prove that these irreverent pleasantries argue no very bad disposition in a loyal Catholic believer of the old stamp. Much rather, she intimates, may scepticism and irreligion be covered by the habitual reserve of Protestants or Frenchmen, or of all the nations that think themselves far more enlightened than the Spanish, and that are sinking in front of them, as she endeavours at every opportunity to convince us, into the depths of infidelity and materialism. But the logic of the authoress does not impress us so deeply as her imaginative power. She is here only praising up Scylla by saying hard words of her neighbour, Charybdis. She says, with more grace, that the Andalusian peasant means no disrespect by his wild stories about the beings he reveres or worships—that he is like a child playing with the grey locks of his father, and not honouring them the less. This may be; but it is not well for such child's play to be imitated by persons of more experience; and the present tales are repeated with too much cleverness, though in homely forms, for it to be possible to extend to them all the indulgence due to the rustic simplicity imputed to them. It is to be regretted that the popular mythology on which they are based differs from that of the Northern people, in being more indissolubly and directly connected with the mysteries of Christian faith, and not admitting the introduction of any purely phantastic beings like the pixies and the kobolds.

We find it difficult to characterize the large collection of comic quatrains and other rhymes, because it is a collection and not a selection. It contains many jokes undoubtedly tame—many that must owe their effect to the accompaniment of song or timely introduction in a loose bantering conversation. But others are remarkably good; and the series relating to soldiers, artisans, &c., afford the most curious illustrations of the reigning topics of popular pleasantry, and the aptitude for improvisation diffused through the province.

MEDIEVAL ENGLISH SCULPTURE.*

UNIFORM with the photographs of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, which have been twice reviewed in these pages, has lately appeared a series of photographs by the same artists from the famous sculptures of the west front of Wells Cathedral. Though these are far less attractive at first sight than the reproduction of Turner's plates, we are inclined to think that they are of scarcely less value, both artistically and historically. They are issued by a body called the Architectural Photographic Association, which has hitherto confined itself to providing its members with as many photographs from architectural subjects, home or foreign, as the guinea subscription would permit. The present venture is a bolder one, but one which will meet, we believe, with the success that it deserves. The Committee have caused thirty-six negatives to be taken by Messrs. Cundall and Downes, of New Bond Street, from the exquisite, but sadly mutilated, sculptured groups which, each contained in an architectural trefoil or quatrefoil, form a horizontal band between the pedimental heads of the arcade which adorns the lowest stage of the western façade of the Cathedral of Wells. Of course the annual guinea does not cover the cost of all these plates. Each member, therefore, is allowed to choose one of the three sets into which the whole series is divided. The other sets, which are treated as extra publications (much in the same way as is done by the Arundel Society), are sold to members of the Association exclusively at little more than cost price. In addition, a short descriptive account of the sculptures, extracted (with the author's permission) from Professor Cockerell's *Iconography of the West Front of Wells Cathedral*, accompanies the series.

Every one who knows anything about English mediæval architecture is acquainted with the almost unrivalled beauty of the west façade of Wells Cathedral. But it is even more interesting for its sculptured ornamentation than for its architectural composition. The whole front, in fact, bristles with imagery. There are altogether nine horizontal bands or zones of sculptures. Very low down, on the basement—and, indeed, so near the ground that scarcely one statue has escaped destruction from fanatical or mischievous iconoclasm—was a row of sixty-two niches, each containing the effigy of some primitive or mediæval messenger of the Gospel. The next tier, counting upwards, contains thirty-two quatrefoils, each holding an angelic figure. According to Professor Cockerell, these angels hold mitres, crowns and scrolls, "the emblems of the temporal and eternal rewards to the faithful listeners to these predictions." The next, or third, tier is that which is

* The Sculptures of the West Front of Wells Cathedral; photographed for the Architectural Photographic Association, for 1862. London: Cundall & Downes.

illustrated by the photographs before us. It was composed originally of forty-eight subjects from the Old and New Testaments. Of those which remain more or less perfect, thirty-six have now been carefully photographed on a large scale. They are "all remarkable," says Professor Cockerell, "for scriptural correctness, simplicity of expression, and absence of apocryphal matter." The two tiers next above this zone contain effigies which are supposed to represent English worthies, male and female, in Church and State. These form an historical gallery of very great interest. The sixth zone represents, in no less than ninety-two subjects, containing one hundred and fifty statues in high relief, the general Resurrection from the grave. Angels, in what is technically called a "Hierarchy," occupy the fifteen niches of the seventh tier. Above these again are the twelve apostles—figures eight feet high, very finely designed and draped—and at the top of all was, originally, our Saviour enthroned as Supreme Judge; but the attendant figures, and almost all the central figure, have now perished. How far Professor Cockerell, who is the most approved commentator on these Wells sculptures, is right in his interpretation of the greater part of the groups and single figures, we shall not here inquire. He is, we think, substantially right in his theory. But it must be confessed that the ravages of time, and weather, and wanton violence have often made the sculptures perfectly unintelligible. The mutilated and perished masses of stone retain, indeed, traces of consummate artistic skill, which make them scarcely less precious than the battered fragments from the Parthenon; but their original meaning it is sometimes quite impossible to determine. The chief value of the series, however, is artistic and not iconological; so that the ambiguity of the subject-matter is not so much to be regretted.

Before speaking more particularly of the sculptures now photographed, it may be well to give some account of their date and history. In the year 1206, one Jocelyn Trotman, who had been an eminent Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was consecrated Bishop of the joint sees of Bath and Wells and Glastonbury. He governed his diocese for thirty-six years, dying in 1242. This great prelate rebuilt the larger part of the cathedral including the western end; so that the date of the sculptures which form its chief adornment is fixed within very narrow limits. Flaxman was the first to call attention to the extreme beauty of these medieval *alti-relievi*. He also discerned their great importance in the history of our national art:—

It is very remarkable (he observes) that Wells Cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabue, the restorer of painting in Italy; and the work was going on at the same time that Niccolo Pisano, the Italian restorer of sculpture, exercised the art in his own country; and it was finished forty-eight years before the cathedral of Orvieto was begun; and it seems to be the earliest specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in Western Europe.

We may remark here that it has never been sufficiently explained by art-writers how the beautiful sculpture of the earliest Pisan school could coexist with such rude contemporary painting. The materials for re-writing the history of art are, however, slowly accumulating; and we yet hope to see justice done to the early Christian schools of sculpture, as well as of painting, in the North of Europe. Attention has been fixed far too exclusively on the art of Italy. That the Wells sculptures were the work of a native artist cannot of course be demonstrated. This unknown genius may, perhaps, have been a foreigner brought home with him from France by Bishop Trotman when he returned from his exile. Anyhow, it is pretty clear that the sculptor, whoever he may have been, worked on the spot. For the material which he employed at Wells was common stone from a neighbouring quarry, that of Doulting near Shepton Mallet. How fine the sculpture is will be evident to any one who examines these photographs with an intelligent eye. It does not need the dictum of Flaxman to see the vigour and austere beauty of the modelling. That great artist, a most unprejudiced critic in a matter of purely medieval art, claims for them the high praise of "a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace excelling modern productions." It is scarcely too much to say that these sculptures, mutilated as they now are, are likely to be more admired in these photographic copies than ever they were in their original state. For it must always have required an unusually clear eye to see them distinctly. We confess that, after many a careful inspection of these reliefs *in situ* by the aid of a glass, we have never understood half their beauty until now. These photographic copies seem to us excellent specimens of the art; and the process itself is never seen to more advantage than in the reproduction of sculpture. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the effect of these panels, with the deep shadow of the architectural framework contrasting with the sculptured group in high relief, and the bold and almost coarse moulding of the quatrefoils serving as a setting to the gem within.

It is impossible to do more than notice a few of the more remarkable groups now before us. The two representing the creation of Adam and Eve are singularly noble and expressive. In both of them the drapery and attitude of our Lord are majestic and dignified in the extreme; and there is great power and boldness in the anatomy of the human figures, though the facial expression—so far as can be judged through the mutilations of the features—is inferior. There is something unusually happy in the pose of the figure of Adam, lying still lifeless under the creative Hand, before the breath of life has been breathed into him. In a later subject, supposed to represent Adam delving and Eve spin-

ning, there is considerable beauty in Eve's face, which is unusually well preserved, and much grace in her attitude, as she holds her right arm back, drawing out the thread. We have our doubts whether "The Sentence" (No. 11) is rightly interpreted. Be that as it may, the draperies are admirable, and the accessories, including the conventional foliage, which are unusually well preserved here, are vigorous and effective in the highest degree. Still better is Noah building the Ark. His figure is evidently a lifelike and highly naturalistic transcript of the costume of the common shipwright of the sculptor's day; the work-bench and hammer are given with equal reality. The next in order, which is well preserved, is called "Isaac's Blessing." This is one which Flaxman especially praised; and the composition is certainly remarkable. The series from the New Testament is more complete. It begins with a St. John Evangelist, of most unusual grandeur of attitude and expression. We take this to be the finest figure of the whole number. It is a thousand pities that the Nativity is so perished as to be barely decipherable. The Dispute with the Doctors is more perfect; it is one of the best of the groups. Our Lord, represented as a mere infant, is seated on a Gothic clustered column, with well-moulded capital and base. The Baptist in the Wilderness is a very cleverly-wrought relief, with an angel appearing from the clouds, which has great grace and beauty. After some subjects which are too defaced to be understood, we come to one which Professor Cockerell could not explain, but which Mr. Lightly, the Secretary, is quite right in calling the Transfiguration. It is one of the grandest of the series. The Entry into Jerusalem is remarkable for the conventional representation of the city by a Pointed gateway and walls. The figure of the ass is strangely ill-modelled as compared with the human figures. Two only remain. Of these, there is just enough left of the Resurrection to show that it was treated with amazing force and simplicity; and equally fine is the mutilated group which is supposed (we think rightly) to represent the Day of Pentecost. In conclusion, we may say that the Architectural Photographic Association has done as much service to the cause of Christian sculpture as to that of architecture by this well-timed and most valuable publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—MAY DAY.—OPENING OF TENTH SEASON.—On Friday, May 1, a Grand Festival Performance of Mendelssohn's Music to the ATHALIE of Racine, followed by the OVERTURES composed for the Opening of the International Exhibition, by Auber and Meyerbeer, terminating with the National Anthem. The Performance will take place in the Center Transcript, commencing at Three o'clock. The Musical Arrangements have been undertaken, as on former occasions, by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The Performance will be on the same magnificent scale as that of the Oratorios of Elijah and the Creation, with which the seasons of 1860 and of 1861 were inaugurated—the Band and Chorus consisting of about Two Thousand Five Hundred Performers.

Mr. Costa has consented to act as Conductor. The Performances will be directed by Mr. Phelps.

The charge for admission will be on the day itself, Seven Shillings and Sixpence; by Tickets, if bought on or before Wednesday, April 29, Five Shillings. Season Ticket Holders will be admitted without payment.

Reserved Seats, numbered and arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Five Shillings extra.

The Offices, at the Central Entrance of the Palace, and at 2 Exeter Hall, will be open for the issue of these Tickets at 10 a.m. on Wednesday next, April 15, where Plans of the Seats and other information can be obtained.

Season Tickets available from May 1, 1863, to April 30, 1864, One Guinea. For Children under Twenty, Half-a-Guinea. No other Class of Season Tickets will be issued this year.

Post-office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to George Grove, Secretary to the Company.

April 11, 1863.]

The Saturday Review.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

Mr. Charles Hall's Benefit on Monday Evening next, April 13. Plomfort, Mr. Charles Hall's Violin, M. Vieuxtemps (who has been engaged expressly for this Concert); Violoncello, Signor Pastore; Violins, Miss Banks and Miss Eyles. Conductor, Mr. Benetton; Organist, Mr. Chapman; at Cœurs, 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 29 Piccadilly. Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

MUSICAL UNION.—Nineteenth Season.—First MATINEE, Tuesday, April 14, at half-past Three. Quartet, E flat—Mozart; Grand Waltz in D, piano and violin, G. C. Smith; Suite, Queen of Sheba, S. Soler; Solo, on the Harp, Mrs. Arthur, Stanton, Patti, Ross, Webb, Polidor, Paquin, Watson, &c. Pianist, Hall. Members who have not received their tickets, to leave their names and addresses at St. James's Hall. Visitors' admissions (half-a-crown each) to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co.; Oliviers, Aspinwall & Parry, 18 Hanover Square; and Austin's, at St. James's Hall.

3 P.M. *Matinee*

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, FRIDAY EVENING, May 1, 1863.—Mr. and Madame GOLDSCHMIDT having kindly promised their services in aid of the ROYAL HOSPITAL for INJURIES AT PUTNEY THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce that a benefit Concert will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday Evening, May 1, commencing at Eight o'clock, the solo parts by the following eminent artists—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Laeselles, Mr. Monton Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. The Band and chorus will be conducted upwards of two hundred performers. Conductor, Mr. Oldfield. The Concert will conclude Handel's Orchestral Concerto (Grand). Price of admission, 7s.; 1s. 6d.; and One Guinea.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES AND THE SEA-SIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAPPING SEANCE.—An entirely new party entitled "TWENTY-THREE WITH A MISTRESS" will be given at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Saturday Evening, April 14, by Mr. Milton (Mr. Milton) will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday Evening, May 1, commencing at Eight o'clock, the solo parts by the following eminent artists—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Laeselles, Mr. Monton Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. The Band and chorus will be conducted upwards of two hundred performers. Conductor, Mr. Oldfield. The Concert will conclude Handel's Orchestral Concerto (Grand). Price of admission, 7s.; 1s. 6d.; and One Guinea.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—READINGS OF SHAKSPEARE, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (Dolley Galley).—Mr. Morris has the pleasure to announce that Mrs. Fanny Kemble will continue her Readings of Shakespeare's Plays every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, commencing at Eight o'clock, Monday, April 13, the play of "The Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday, 15, the comedy of "Twelfth Night;" Friday, 17, the tragedy of "Othello." Seats (reserved), 3s.; Stalls, 5s.—A few Fautuas, 7s. each, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38 Old Bond Street, W.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at Eight (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at Three. Part I. "A Quiet Morning." Part II. "Mrs. Brown at the Play." "The story of Mrs. Brown at the Play," as told by Mr. Sketchley, in the most idiomatic Cockney dialect, is in its way a masterpiece."—Times, March 25. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AZALIA and ROSE SHOW at SOUTH KENSINGTON on WEDNESDAY NEXT. Open at One o'clock, Band at Two. Admission, 2s. ed. The Show will be in the Southern Arcade, and the Exhibition Building will be open to the Visitors.

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY NEXT, 13th INST.
THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The Tenth Annual EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION of the ROYAL FAMILIES of ENGLAND and DENMARK (Portraits of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size), comprising 51 Photographic Pictures and Drawings executed by Mr. GHÉMAR, in practical settings, are now on view at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall (first door). Admission, 1s. Each Visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY.—COMMEMORATION of FOUNDATION.

It has been resolved to Celebrate the Commencement of the HUNDREDTH SESSION of this SOCIETY by a DINNER in Edinburgh next October.

The Right Honourable the LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX is to preside.

The following Members constitute the Honorary Committee:—
The Right Hon. the EARL RUSSELL.
The Right Hon. the LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX.
The Right Hon. LORD GLENELG.
The Right Hon. the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL.
The Right Hon. the CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
The Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CLERK, Bart.
The Right Hon. Sir JOHN McNEILL, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. EDWARD HORSMAN, M.P.
The Hon. LORD CARRIEHILL.
The Hon. COL. COOKAN.
The Hon. LORD DEAN.
The Hon. LORD NEAVES.
The Hon. LORD ABDMILLAN.
Sir WILLIAM GIBSON-CRAIG, Bart.
DAVID MURE, Esq., M.P.
ALEX. MURRAY DUNLOP, Esq., M.P.
JOHN THOMSON GORDON, Esq., Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.
FRANCIS GOURNAY.
A. CAMPBELL SWINTON, Esq.
JOHN CLERK BRODIE, Esq.

Further Particulars will afterwards be announced by Circular; and, in the meantime, Members who propose to be present are requested to communicate, through the Secretary, with the Acting Committee.

D. P. CHALMERS, *Secretary*. Speculative Society's Hall, University, Edinburgh. April 1863.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Willis's Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 13.

The Right Hon. Mr. STANHOPE, President of the Corporation, in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, *Secretary*.

SHIP TAVERN, GREENWICH.
THOMAS QUARTERMAINE & CO. beg to inform the Public that WHITEBAIT is now in good season.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.—NOTICE.—The remainder of the course of Lectures on (Twenty-four) will be given by Mr. J. BEEF JONES, M.A., F.R.S., on Monday, Tuesday, Thursdays, and Fridays, at half-past One, commencing on April 13. During the course, Lectures will be given in the field.—Fee 1s.

TRENNAH REEKS, *Registrar*.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of ENGLAND.—A LECTURE by DR. VOELCKER, on the ADULTERATION of OILCAKES, and other FEEDING MATERIALS, will be delivered to the Members, in the SOCIETY'S HOUSE, 12 Hanover Square, London, at half-past Twelve, on Wednesday, April 18.

By Order of the Council.

H. HALL DARE, *Secretary*.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of ENGLAND.—Besides the usual Prizes for Cattle, Horses, Sheep, and Pigs, Special Prizes, amounting to £500, including Essays for Fruit, Cider, Perry, Hops, and Salt, are offered by the Local Committee, to be competed for at the Worcester Meeting.

For Prize Sheets and Particulars apply to

12 Hanover Square, London, W.

H. HALL DARE, Esq.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—The GOLD MEDAL of the ATHLETIC CLUB or a prize of £10 Guineas, will be given for the best Essay on the above subject, to be submitted to the Committee of the Club on or before June 1 next.

The Essay will be read in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at the presentation of Prizes to the Victors in the Olympia Contests to be held in Liverpool, June 1863.

For further particulars, apply to JESS HULLY, *Hon. Sec.*, Athletic Club, Liverpool.

EDUCATION.—PUPILS prepared for Public Schools, Professional and Mercantile pursuits. Resident Foreign Masters. Many of the Pupils have highly distinguished themselves at the Public Examinations. Extensive Grounds, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, &c. Term commences April 16.—Address, P. P. S., 113 Fleet Street.

EDUCATION.—The Principal of a School near Town (B.A. Cantab. and Public Schoolman), has a few Vacancies. Sons of Clergymen and of Widows of Officers at reduced terms. Houses and Grounds large, and healthily situated.—Address, CANTAB., 17 Holland Road, Kensington.

EDUCATION.—French, German, and Classical School, Rectory Grove, Clapham.—Mr. SCUDAMORE, B.A., prepares PUPILS for the various Public Examinations, Professional and Mercantile pursuits. French and German constantly spoken. Extensive Grounds, Swimming Bath, &c. Easter Term, April 16.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—The Rev. L. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS.—Address, Dorney, near Windsor.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND MILITARY EDUCATION.
INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE, 8 St. Peter's Terrace, Kensington Park Gardens, London.

Principal—Rev. CANON FREW, M.A., T.C.D.

At the late Examinations in December and January last for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and for Direct Commissions, four Pupils were sent up from this Establishment, and one from the Indian Civil Service, on 547 marks.

The following Gentlemen, Pupils of the Indian Civil Service Institute, passed their respective Examinations during the past year:

Direct Commissions.		2,577 Marks.	
Mr. John Davy	2nd Place	5,677 Marks.	Queen's Cadetship.
Mr. C. E. Hughes	2nd Place	2,715 "	Mr. O. Graham
Mr. James J. B. Frew	1,949 "		Mr. Woodroffe
Indian Civil Service.— <i>Further Examination.</i>		12th Place.	
Mr. Roberts	7th Place	Mr. Stewart	Mr. Phillips
Mr. Pennington	10th "	Mr. H. H. W. W.	Mr. Crickshank
Mr. Woodroffe	12th "		
First or Open Examination.		50th Place.	
Mr. Kirkwood			

For Prospects, &c., apply to the Rev. the Principal.

April 1863.

PRIVATE TUITION at CAMBRIDGE.—A First-Class Man, resident in the University, Graduate in Double Honours, wishes to meet with a PUPIL to Prepare for the University Course in Arts or Science, or for the Army or Civil Service Examinations, who will be willing to pay him £100 per annum, or in Private Lodgings, according to arrangement. A Gentleman with a taste for Science preferred. Highest testimonial and references. Address, V.P., South Kensington Post-office.

PRIVATE TUITION by the SEA-SIDE. The Rev. EDWARD BRICE, B.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, having no parochial charge, takes into his family SIX PUPILS under 16 years of age, to receive a good English Education.

EDUCATION.—The French and German Protestant College and Junior School, Merton, Surrey (established 1848), conducted by Messrs. G. ELLIOTT, B.A., and A. G. de CHASTELAIN, on the most liberal principles, combines all the advantages of a residence on the Continent with a sound Classical Education. Daily Lessons given by resident French and German Masters, and the Pupils waited upon by French servants. There is a large Swimming Bath, used under proper surveillance. Terms moderate.—Prospectus and references on application.

EAST INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—On Monday, April 13, Special Classes for the above will open at the Baywater Private Club, Regent's Park, the Athenaeum, Westminster, Granary Wharf, Stationers' Hall, French, English Languages and Literature, German, Italian, Natural and Moral Sciences, Political Economy, Indian Law and History, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Hindostani.—Prospectus and List of Professors on application to

Dr. NIBLETT, M.A., *Resident Director*.

EDUCATION.—The French and German Protestant College and Junior School, Merton, Surrey (established 1848), conducted by Messrs. G. ELLIOTT, B.A., and A. G. de CHASTELAIN, on the most liberal principles, combines all the advantages of a residence on the Continent with a sound Classical Education. Daily Lessons given by resident French and German Masters, and the Pupils waited upon by French servants. There is a large Swimming Bath, used under proper surveillance. Terms moderate.—Prospectus and references on application.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London. Principal—Mr. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.

The Second term of the current year will commence on Thursday, April 16. Prospectus may be obtained on application to the Principal, to Messrs. REILLY BROTHERS, School Booksellers, 15 Aldergate Street, London.

COLWALL GREEN, near Malvern.—The Rev. ROBT. O. CARTER, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford (late Head Master of the Merchant Taylor's School, at Great Crosby), receives into his House a few SONS of GENTLEMEN, to be Educated and prepared for Public Schools or the Universities. Terms, £100 a year. Further information, testimonials, &c., may be obtained on application.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—An Open Competition, for not less than SIXTY Appointments, will be held in London on June 22 and following days. Applications from persons proposing to compete, accompanied by evidence of Age, Health, and Character, will be received until May 1 by the Civil Service Commissioners, Dean's Yard, Westminster, from whom Copies of the Regulations may be obtained.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN (Honours), with large House in fine open Country, prepares Two Gentlemen for the Universities, &c.—Terms, £50 to £100. Also a few Boys, under Fifteen, for the Public Schools, &c.—£45 to £50. Mathematics by a Graduate of St. John's. Four hours from London, three from Liverpool.—Address, H. H. MASTER, Messrs. Sawyer, 1 Castle Court, Birch Lane, E.C.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms moderate.—M.A., 6 Angel Terrace, Brixton, S.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident.

At the India Civil Service Examination in 1862, four successful out of five Candidates that proceeded from his house, and were placed 12th, 13th, 35th, and 43rd.—Address, D. A. BRAZIER, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

THE REV. E. A. CLAYDON receives Twelve RESIDENT PUPILS to prepare for the Universities and for the Competitive Examinations for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service.—Address, 4 Church Terrace, Lee, Blackheath, S.E.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—Healthy Situation, North-West of London. Liberal Education, Home Comforts, and careful Mental Training to a limited number of Young LADIES. French and German Resident Governesses; Accomplishments by eminent Professors. Unexceptionable References. Prospectus on application to W. H. J., 6 Cavendish Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon.—

Twelve PUPILS are prepared by the Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Military College, Addiscombe (lately dissolved).

THE PRESS.—A Gentleman of moderate opinions seeks the

Editorship of a PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER.—He is at present on the Staff of a First Class London Daily Paper, and has much experience in Political Writing and Newspaper Management.—Address, D. V. T., Messrs. Creighton, 11 Strand.

PARTNERSHIP.—To Publishers.—A Literary Gentleman, possessing Capital, is desirous of a PARTNERSHIP in a London House of good standing. None but Principals treated with.—Address, D. K., Deacon's News Rooms, Leadenhall Street, City of London.—First-class Leasehold Investment in St. Paul's Churchyard.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM & TEWSON will SELL at the

MART, on Tuesday, April 23, at Twelve, in two lots (unless previously disposed of by Private Contract), the Extensive and Commanding PREMINES, Nos. 42 and 43 St. Paul's Churchyard, together with the Handsome Newly-built Warehouses, Nos. 6 and 7 Old Change, in the rear. The first mentioned Premises are held direct from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and the latter from the Corporation of London. The property is in the occupation of Messrs. A. J. Nash & Co., Messrs. King & Co., and Messrs. Alabaster & Co., produces a clear profit rental of £265 per annum, and offers an investment of the first-class.—Particulars and plans of Messrs. Holme & Robinson, Solicitors, 28 Dowgate Hill; and of the Auctioneers, So Cheshire.

SALE of OAK, EBONY, and MARQUETERIE CABINETS, Chairs, Pillars, Sofas, Tables, Buhl Cabinets, Ancient Armour, all just imported; also

will be included the rare old Oak Cabinets, Book-Cases, Tables, &c., the plus of the last importation — without reserve, by G. & H. BONHAM, at their Auction Rooms, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, on Friday, April 17, at Twelve at Noon, punctually.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner. Instituted 1723; Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1824.

The Weekly Board of Governors beg to draw the attention of the Public to the state of this old-established Hospital.

The present number of beds provided is 339.

The Receipts last year, including legacies, were £12,559.

The Income amounted to £13,267.

Sold to make the deficiency £3,000.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited.

The Hospital is enabled to hold real property by devise.

By Order of the Weekly Board.

W. J. TAYLOR, *Secretary*.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. V. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Th TURKISH BATH will be opened, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydrostatic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

illustrated by the photographs before us. It was composed originally of forty-eight subjects from the Old and New Testaments. Of those which remain more or less perfect, thirty-six have now been carefully photographed on a large scale. They are "all remarkable," says Professor Cockerell, "for scriptural correctness, simplicity of expression, and absence of apocryphal matter." The two tiers next above this zone contain effigies which are supposed to represent English worthies, male and female, in Church and State. These form an historical gallery of very great interest. The sixth zone represents, in no less than ninety-two subjects, containing one hundred and fifty statues in high relief, the general Resurrection from the grave. Angels, in what is technically called a "Hierarchy," occupy the fifteen niches of the seventh tier. Above these again are the twelve apostles—figures eight feet high, very finely designed and draped—and at the top of all was, originally, our Saviour enthroned as Supreme Judge; but the attendant figures, and almost all the central figure, have now perished. How far Professor Cockerell, who is the most approved commentator on these Wells sculptures, is right in his interpretation of the greater part of the groups and single figures, we shall not here inquire. He is, we think, substantially right in his theory. But it must be confessed that the ravages of time, and weather, and wanton violence have often made the sculptures perfectly unintelligible. The mutilated and perished masses of stone retain, indeed, traces of consummate artistic skill, which make them scarcely less precious than the battered fragments from the Parthenon; but their original meaning it is sometimes quite impossible to determine. The chief value of the series, however, is artistic and not iconological; so that the ambiguity of the subject-matter is not so much to be regretted.

Before speaking more particularly of the sculptures now photographed, it may be well to give some account of their date and history. In the year 1206, one Jocelyn Trotman, who had been an eminent Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was consecrated Bishop of the joint sees of Bath and Wells and Glastonbury. He governed his diocese for thirty-six years, dying in 1242. This great prelate rebuilt the larger part of the cathedral including the western end; so that the date of the sculptures which form its chief adornment is fixed within very narrow limits. Flaxman was the first to call attention to the extreme beauty of these mediæval *alti-relievi*. He also discerned their great importance in the history of our national art:—

It is very remarkable (he observes) that Wells Cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabue, the restorer of painting in Italy; and the work was going on at the same time that Nicolo Pisano, the Italian restorer of sculpture, exercised the art in his own country; and it was finished forty-eight years before the cathedral of Orvieto was begun; and it seems to be the earliest specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in Western Europe.

We may remark here that it has never been sufficiently explained by art-writers how the beautiful sculpture of the earliest Pisan school could coexist with such rude contemporary painting. The materials for re-writing the history of art are, however, slowly accumulating; and we yet hope to see justice done to the early Christian schools of sculpture, as well as of painting, in the North of Europe. Attention has been fixed far too exclusively on the art of Italy. That the Wells sculptures were the work of a native artist cannot of course be demonstrated. This unknown genius may, perhaps, have been a foreigner brought home with him from France by Bishop Trotman when he returned from his exile. Anyhow, it is pretty clear that the sculptor, whoever he may have been, worked on the spot. For the material which he employed at Wells was common stone from a neighbouring quarry, that of Douling near Shepton Mallet. How fine the sculpture is will be evident to any one who examines these photographs with an intelligent eye. It does not need the dictum of Flaxman to see the vigour and austere beauty of the modelling. That great artist, a most unprejudiced critic in a matter of purely mediæval art, claims for them the high praise of "a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace exceeding modern productions." It is scarcely too much to say that these sculptures, mutilated as they now are, are likely to be more admired in these photographic copies than ever they were in their original state. For it must always have required an unusually clear eye to see them distinctly. We confess that, after many a careful inspection of these reliefs *in situ* by the aid of a glass, we have never understood half their beauty until now. These photographic copies seem to us excellent specimens of the art; and the process itself is never seen to more advantage than in the reproduction of sculpture. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the effect of these panels, with the deep shadow of the architectural framework contrasting with the sculptured group in high relief, and the bold and almost coarse moulding of the quatrefoils serving as a setting to the gem within.

It is impossible to do more than notice a few of the more remarkable groups now before us. The two representing the creation of Adam and Eve are singularly noble and expressive. In both of them the drapery and attitude of our Lord are majestic and dignified in the extreme; and there is great power and boldness in the anatomy of the human figures, though the facial expression—so far as can be judged through the mutilations of the features—is inferior. There is something unusually happy in the pose of the figure of Adam, lying still lifeless under the creative Hand, before the breath of life has been breathed into him. In a later subject, supposed to represent Adam delving and Eve spin-

ning, there is considerable beauty in Eve's face, which is unusually well preserved, and much grace in her attitude, as she holds her right arm back, drawing out the thread. We have our doubts whether "The Sentence" (No. 11) is rightly interpreted. Be that as it may, the draperies are admirable, and the accessories, including the conventional foliage, which are unusually well preserved here, are vigorous and effective in the highest degree. Still better is Noah building the Ark. His figure is evidently a lifelike and highly naturalistic transcript of the costume of the common shipwright of the sculptor's day; the work-bench and hammer are given with equal reality. The next in order, which is well preserved, is called "Isaac's Blessing." This is one which Flaxman especially praised; and the composition is certainly remarkable. The series from the New Testament is more complete. It begins with a St. John Evangelist, of most unusual grandeur of attitude and expression. We take this to be the finest figure of the whole number. It is a thousand pities that the Nativity is so perished as to be barely decypherable. The Dispute with the Doctors is more perfect; it is one of the best of the groups. Our Lord, represented as a mere infant, is seated on a Gothic clustered column, with well-moulded capital and base. The Baptist in the Wilderness is a very cleverly-wrought relief, with an angel appearing from the clouds, which has great grace and beauty. After some subjects which are too defaced to be understood, we come to one which Professor Cockerell could not explain, but which Mr. Lightly, the Secretary, is quite right in calling the Transfiguration. It is one of the grandest of the series. The Entry into Jerusalem is remarkable for the conventional representation of the city by a Pointed gateway and walls. The figure of the ass is strangely ill-modelled as compared with the human figures. Two only remain. Of these, there is just enough left of the Resurrection to show that it was treated with amazing force and simplicity; and equally fine is the mutilated group which is supposed (we think rightly) to represent the Day of Pentecost. In conclusion, we may say that the Architectural Photographic Association has done as much service to the cause of Christian sculpture as to that of architecture by this well-timed and most valuable publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.
The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

of
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 389, APRIL 11, 1863:—
The Sultan in Egypt. Federalist Sympathizers. Genial Statesmanship. Democracy and Freedom. Iron-cased Ships. Mr. Smith O'Brien on Italy. The Burial's Bill. The Brighton Review.

The Praised of Professions. Explanations. Poland and its Boundaries. Position of the Contending Forces in America. Working Men's Dinners. Manners. Sir Tatton Sykes. The Middle Level Deluge Case. Shopkeepers.

The Rival Races. Horace's Odes. Transactions of the Philological Society. Life in the Tropics. The Mouth Shut. China. Waiting for the Verdict. The Popular Muses of Andalusia. Medieval English Sculpture.

CONTENTS OF No. 390, APRIL 4, 1863:—
Lord Palmerston in Scotland. Holstein. The Greek Throne. Poland. Church Patronage. America. Mr. Somes's Bill. Limited Liability.

Free-Grown Calico. Precocity. The Denmark. The Prince Consort's Memorial. Mr. Lowe's Reign of Terror. Humbugs. Mr. Kinglake's History. The University Boat-Race. May's Constitutional History of England. Cardinal Wiseman on Science and Art. Wedgwood's Dictionary of English Etymology. Lisings from Low Latitudes. The Polish Captivity. The Channel Islands. Sylvia's Lovers. Ancient Irish Art. French Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MAY DAY.—OPENING OF TENTH SEASON.—On Friday, May 1, a Grand Festival Performance of Mendelssohn's Music to the *ATHALIE* of Racine, followed by the OVERTURES composed for the Opening of the International Exhibition, by Auber and Meyerbeer, terminating with the *Neustadt* Anthem. The Procession will take place in the Crystal Palace, commencing at Seven o'clock. The Musical Arrangements have been undertaken, as on former occasions, by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The Performance will be on the same magnificent scale as that of the *Oratorios* of Elijah and the Creation, with the addition of the seasons of 1860 and 1861 were inaugurated—the Band and Chorus consisting of about Two Thousand Five Hundred Performers.

Mr. Costa has consented to act as Conductor.

The illustrative verses will be recited by Mr. Phelps.

The charge for admission will be, on the day itself, Seven Shillings and Sixpence; by Tickets, if bought in advance, on Wednesday, April 26, Five Shillings. Season Ticket Holders will be admitted without payment.

Reserved Seats, numbered and arranged in blocks, as at the *Handel Festival*, Five Shillings extra.

The Offices, at the Central Entrance of the Palace, and at 2 Exeter Hall, will be open for the sale of the Tickets at 10 a.m. on Wednesday next, April 18, where Plans of the Seats and other information can be obtained.

Season Tickets available from May 1, 1863, to April 30, 1864, One Guinea. For Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. No other Class of Season Tickets will be issued this year.

Post-office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to George Grove, Secretary to the Company.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—
Mr. Charles Hall's Benefit on Monday Evening next, April 13.—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hall; Violin, M. Vieuxtemps; Double Bass, Mr. H. C. St. John; Organ, Mr. J. C. Smith; Violoncello, Mr. W. Yost; Violinists, Miss Banks and Miss Eyles. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Programme, at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly. Seats Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Areal, 1s.

MUSICAL UNION.—Nineteenth Season.—First MATINEE, Tuesday, April 14, at half-past Three. Quartet, E flat. Mozart; Grand Duet in D, piano and violoncello.—Mendelssohn: Double Quartet, E minor. Soeur; Solos on the pianoforte.—Artisti: Sainton, Pinti, Ries, Weiß, Politzer, Payne, Watson, &c. Planis: Hall; Visitors' admissions (half-a-guinea each) to be had of Chappell & Co., Chappell & Co., Oliver's Aspidown & Parry, in Hanover Square; and Austin's, at St. James's Hall.

J. F. J. A. Director.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, FRIDAY, May 1863.—Ms. and Madame VOLKINER.—Madame Goldschmidt, recently promoted to a seat in the Royal Academy of Music, for INSTRUMENTALS at Piccadilly, the Directors have the honour to announce that a grand performance of Handel's Cantata L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSIERO (the poetry by Milton) will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday Evening, May 1, commencing at Eight o'clock, the solo parts by the following eminent artistes.—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Mademoiselle Goldschmidt, Mr. H. Weil, &c. The Band Chorus will be complete, comprising upwards of two hundred performers. Conductor—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. The Cantata will be preceded by Handel's Orchestral Concerto, No. 12 (Grand).—Prices of admission, 7s.; 1s.; 6d.; and One Guinea.

MRS. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES AND THE SEA-SIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAISING SÉANCE.—An entirely new party, entitled TWENTY-MINUTES WITH A MEDIUM, will be given every Evening. Medium—Mr. Yates; Visitor—Mr. Power. There will also be several new arrivals at the SEA-SIDE. To commence at Eight Saturday at Three. Stalls, 2s.; Areas, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (Dudley Gallery).—Mr. Moxon has the pleasure to announce that Mrs. Fanny Kemble will continue her Readings of Shakespeare's Plays every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, commencing at Eight o'clock. Monday, April 13, the play of "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday, 15, "Much Ado about Nothing"; Friday, 17, the tragedy of "Othello"; Saturday, 18, "Twelfth Night"; Monday, 20, "All's Well that Ends Well"; Tuesday, 21, "Measure for Measure"; Wednesday, 22, "As You Like It"; Thursday, 23, "Much Ado about Nothing"; Friday, 24, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday, 25, "All's Well that Ends Well"; Sunday, 26, "Measure for Measure". A few Fauteuils, 7s. each, may be obtained at Mr. Moxon's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at Eight (except Saturday). Part II. Mrs. Brown on the Way. The story of Mrs. Brown in the Play, Sketchley's, is a dramatical work, dated, is in its way a masterpiece.—Times, March 25. Stalls, 2s.; Areas, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AZALIA and ROSE SHOW at SOUTH KENSINGTON on WEDNESDAY NEXT. Open at One o'clock. Band at Two. Admission, 2s. 6d. The Show will be in the Southern Arcade, and the Exhibition Building will be open to the Visitors.

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY NEXT, 13th INST.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The Tenth Annual EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION of the ROYAL FAMILIES of ENGLAND and DENMARK (Portraits of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size), comprising 51 Photographic Pictures and Drawings executed by Mr. Ghémar from actual sittings, are now on view at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall (first door). Admission, 1s. N.B. Each Visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY.—COMMEMORATION of FOUNDATION.

It has been resolved to Celebrate the Commencement of the HUNDREDTH SESSION of this SOCIETY by a DINNER in Edinburgh next October.

The Right Honourable the LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX is to preside.

The following Members constitute the Honorary Committee:—

The Right Hon. the EARL RUSSELL.
The Right Hon. the LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX.
The Right Hon. the LORD GLENFARMLIE.
The Right Hon. the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL.
The Right Hon. the LORD ADVOCATE, M.P.
The Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CLERK, Bart.
The Right Hon. Sir JAMES STEWART, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. EDWARD HORNSMAN, M.P.
The Hon. LORD CURRIE-HILL.
The Hon. LORD COWAN.
The Hon. LORD DEAS.
The Hon. LORD FARNBOROUGH.
The Hon. LORD ADDMILLAN.
The Reverend Sir H. WELLWOOD MONCREIFF, Bart.
Sir WILLIAM GIBSON-CRAIG, Bart.
D. WILDE, M.P.
ALEX. MURRAY, DUNLOP, Esq., M.P.
JOHN THOMSON GORDON, Esq., Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.
Professor AYTOON.
A. CAMPBELL SWINTON, Esq.
John CLERK BRODIE, Esq.

Further Particulars will afterwards be announced by Circular; and, in the meantime, Members who propose to be present are requested to communicate, through the Secretary, with the Acting Committee.

D. P. CHALMERS, Secretary.

Speculative Society's Hall, University, Edinburgh, April 1863.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Willis's Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 15.

The Right Hon. Earl STANHOPE, President of the Corporation, in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

SHIRE TAVERN, GREENWICH.

THOMAS QUARTERMAINE & CO. beg to inform the Public that WHITEBAIT is now in good season.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.—NOTICE.—The remainder of the course of Lectures on GEOLOGY (twenty-four) will be given by Mr. J. BEETHE JONES, M.A., F.R.S., on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at half-past One, commencing on April 13. During the course, Lectures will be given in the field.—Fee 12s.

TRENTHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of ENGLAND.—A LECTURE by Dr. VOELCKER, on the ADULTERATION of OILCAKES and other FEEDING MATERIALS, will be delivered to the Members, at the Society's House, 12 Hanover Square, London, at half-past Twelve, on Wednesday next, April 18.

By order of the Council.

H. HALL DARE, Secretary.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of ENGLAND.—Besides the usual Prizes for Cattle, Horses, Sheep, and Pigs, Special Prizes, amounting to £300, including Essays for Fruit, Cider and Perry, Hops, and Salt, are offered by the Local Committee, to be competed for at the Worcester Meeting.

For Prize Sheets and Particulars apply to

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—THE GOLD MEDAL of the ATHLETIC CLUB, or a prize of Ten Guineas, will be given for the best Essay on the above subject sent in to the Committee of the Club on or before June 1 next. The Essay will be read in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at the presentation of Prizes to the Victor in the Olympic Contests to be held in Liverpool, June 1863. For further particulars, apply to JAMES HAWLEY, Hon. Sec., Athletic Club, Liverpool.

EDUCATION.—PUPILS prepared for Public Schools, Professional and Mercantile pursuits. Resident Foreign Masters. Many of the Pupils have highly distinguished themselves at the Public Examinations. Extensive Grounds, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, &c. Term commences April 16.—Address, P. P. S., 113 Fleet Street.

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WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—The Rev. L. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS.—Address, Dorney, near Windsor.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND MILITARY EDUCATION.**INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE**, 8 St. Peter's

Terrace, Kensington Park Gardens, London.

Principal, Rev. CANON FREW, M.A., Canon.

At the late Examination in December, and again in January, for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and for Direct Commissions, four Pupils, all three years up from this Establishment, succeeded in passing, one obtaining 7th place in 5,477 marks.

The following Gentlemen, Pupils of the Indian Civil Service Institute, passed their respective Examinations during the past year:

Direct Commissions.

Mr. J. Edes Whitlock 2nd Place Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Mr. John Davy 547 Marks. Mr. M. Gahan Queen's Cadets.

Mr. C. E. Hughes 1,440 " Mr. O. Graham Queen's Cadets.

Mr. James H. Frew 1,440 " Mr. C. E. Hughes Queen's Cadets.

Indian Civil Service.—**Further Examination.**

Mr. Roberts 7th Place Mr. Stewart 16th Place.

Mr. Pennington 10th " Mr. Phillips 6th "

Mr. Woodroffe 12th " Mr. Cricksbank 55th "

First or Open Examination.

Mr. Kirkwood 5th Place.

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The Saturday Review.

[April 11, 1863.]

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THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS of this Society ARE ON VIEW DAILY for the free inspection of all persons interested. In ARUNDEL ITALIAN ART. The Society has lately added to the Collection Copy of the Fresco Paintings at Saronno, by Fra Angelico at Florence, and by Filippo Lippi at Prato, &c. For Prospectus and List of Works on Sale, apply to F. W. Maynard, Esq., 24 Old Bond Street, W.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—Now ready, a CHROMOLITHOGRAPH from the Fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, of ST. AUGUSTINE PREACHING, from P. Girmignani. Price to Members, 2s.; to Strangers, 3s. Specimens can be seen at the Rooms of the Society, 24 Old Bond Street, W.

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The Saturday Review.

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For the last 14 years participation in profits has yielded an annual abatement of 5½ per cent. on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.

The effect of the Abatement is thus shown:—

Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
20	£1,000	£21 15 10	£10 7 2
30	2,000	53 8 4	25 7 7
40	3,000	101 17 6	48 8 6
50	5,000	228 15 0	108 13 4

If, instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the abatement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years, of an average, more than 45 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 30 per cent. more, with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Amounts to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	3,357	3,370
40	3,000	4,373	4,985
50	5,000	7,131	8,923

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the abatement converted year by year into a proportionate bonus payable at death.

Insurances effected before the 24th June next will participate in profits in the year 1863.

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April 1863.

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BONUS ADDED TO POLICIES at the last Division £375,577
TOTAL CLAIMS by Death paid £1,731,770

The following are among the distinctive features of the Society:—

Credit System.—On Policies for the whole of Life, one-half of the Annual Premiums during the first Five Years may remain on Credit, and may either continue as a Debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

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EXTRACTS FROM TABLES.

Without Profits		With Profits				
Age	Half Premium 1st Seven Years	Whole Premium Rem. of Life	Age	Annual Premium	Half Yearly Premium	Quarterly Premium
20	£ 2 s. d.	£ 2 s. d.	20	£ 2 s. d.	£ 2 s. d.	£ 2 s. d.
30	1 9	2 2 6	30	0	2 7 2	2 4 2
40	1 9	2 1 2	40	0	2 7 2	2 4 2
50	2 2 6	4 5 0	50	6	2 7 10	1 4 6
60	3 6 8	6 13 4	60	9	2 8 3	1 4 8

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

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1. Resolved.—That the 20,000 shares of £1 each in the capital of the Company be consolidated and divided into 8,000 shares of £2 10s. each.

2. That the capital of the Company be increased by the creation of 32,000 shares of £2 10s. each, carrying, with the 8,000 shares, a total capital of £100,000, divided into 40,000 shares of £2 10s. each.

The Directors have pleasure in drawing the attention of their constituents to the above issue, and in stating that, with the exception of shares for £25,000, reserved for future issue, the entire increased capital of the Association is taken by the former proprietors.

By Order,

HENRY N. LONG, Secretary.

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12 Table Spoons	2 10 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Egg Spoons, &c.	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Table Forks, &c.	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
6 Egg Spoons, &c.	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt	0 3 4	0 3 6	0 5 0
1 Mutton Spoon, gilt	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tonga	0 2 6	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 0	1 7 6	1 12 0
Butter Knives	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 7 0
Bone Knives	0 12 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
Soup Ladles	0 12 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
Sugar Handles	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
Total	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 10 6

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